



FEATURE

COMICS

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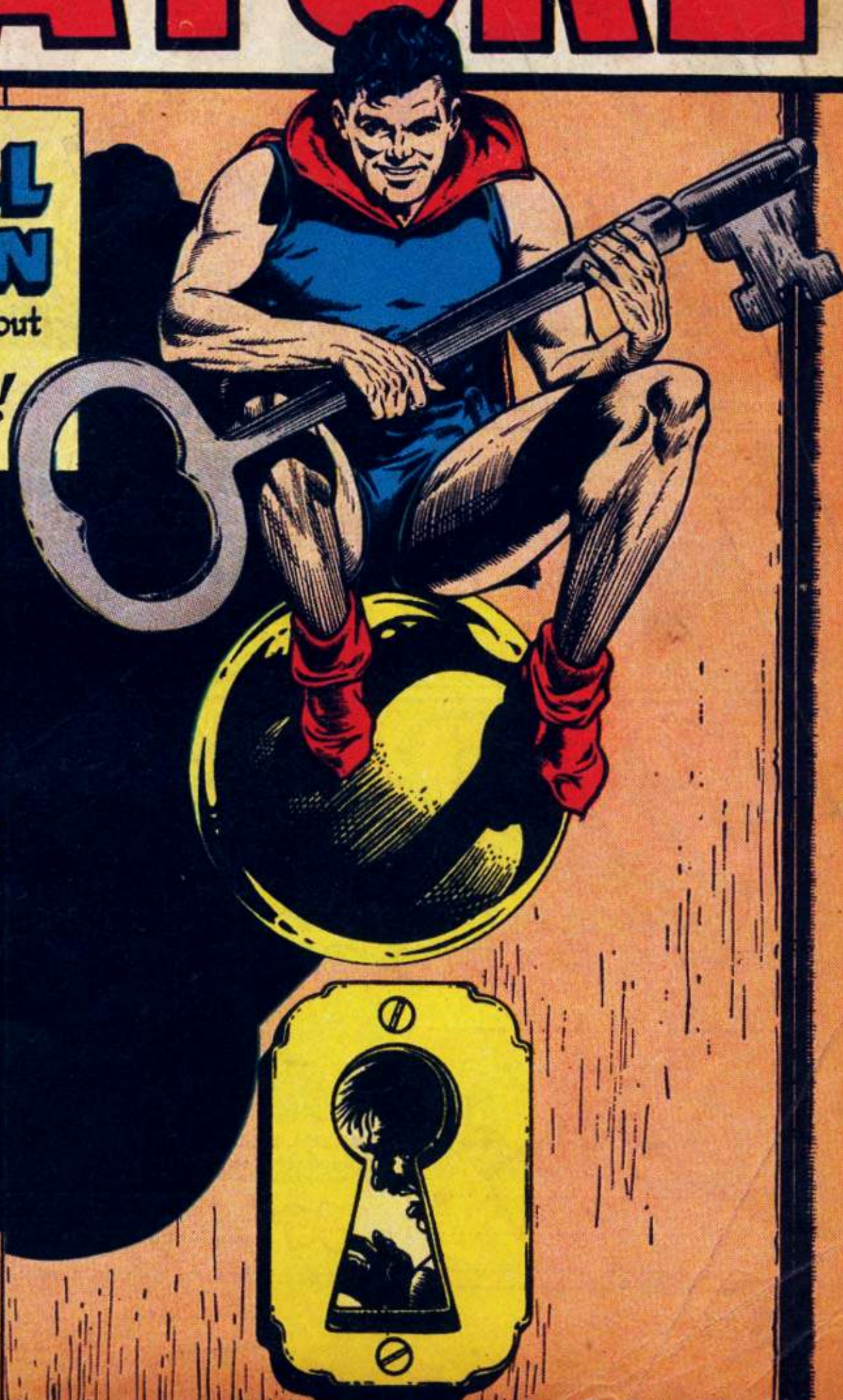


SEPTEMBER



No. 102 10¢

THE DOLL MAN
straightens out
THE ANGLE!





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BE A REAL COMMANDO!



**LOOK FELLAS—HERE'S A GUN
YOU'LL BE PROUD TO OWN!**

**RAT
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**LOOKS
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LIKE A REAL
SUBMACHINE
GUN**

**USED BY U.S.
COMMANDOS AND
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ALL METAL
Stock and mechanism. Tough and dependable!

ONLY \$1.49

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or 3 for \$3.75

**WHILE
THEY
LAST!**

**HARMLESS!
BUT—**

IT'S A BARREL OF FUN!

Strong, Durable Construction

This is not a cheaply constructed toy, but a strong, durable mechanism made entirely of sturdy steel, and painted a real "GI" service green.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

THE COMMANDO MAN, Dept. 10
2250 N. Keating Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.
YES! I am enclosing \$1.49. Rush my Commando Submachine Gun quick. I understand I may examine it for 5 days. If not satisfied in every way, you'll refund my full price of \$1.49.
☐ I am enclosing \$3.75. Send me 3 guns.

Name.....

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You Can Be the General in Any Man's Army

Yes sirree, Fellows. Here is a gun that any young Commando will be proud to own . . . and you should hear it "fire." It looks and sounds just like a real Submachine gun. You'll be the envy of every fellow in the neighborhood . . . and with a gun that shoots as fast as this one does, you'll always be on the winning side.

Limited Quantity! Hurry!

When our present stock is exhausted, there will be no more Commando Submachine Guns of this quality at this amazing low price of only \$1.49. So hurry, Fellows, send for yours today . . . now. Examine it for five days. If you don't say it's the greatest bargain you've ever seen, send it back and have every penny of your money returned. Mail coupon today!

THE COMMANDO MAN • Dept. 10, 2250 N. Keating Ave. • Chicago 39, Ill.

GIRLS!



**ARN'T THEY
SIMPLY
SUPER!**



A WHOLE WARDROBE OF GLAMOROUS, EXCITING BRACELETS... ONE FOR EVERY MOOD!

One of these thrilling bracelets is exactly the right touch for every single outfit you own! Get yours today! And remember, not one but ALL THREE are yours for only \$1.25.

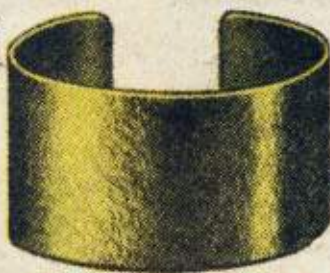
MAIL COUPON NOW!

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FORMAL BRACELET

of simulated pink gold for the really big dates in your life



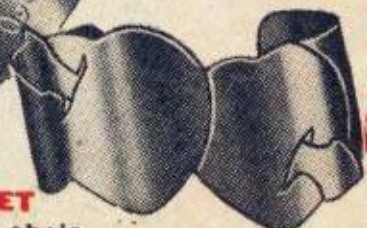
AUTOGRAPH BRACELET

Let your friends engrave their names with a nail file



SWEETHEART BRACELET

For your romantic moods



**YOU'LL BE
THE ENVY OF
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**ALL 3
FOR ONLY
\$1.25**

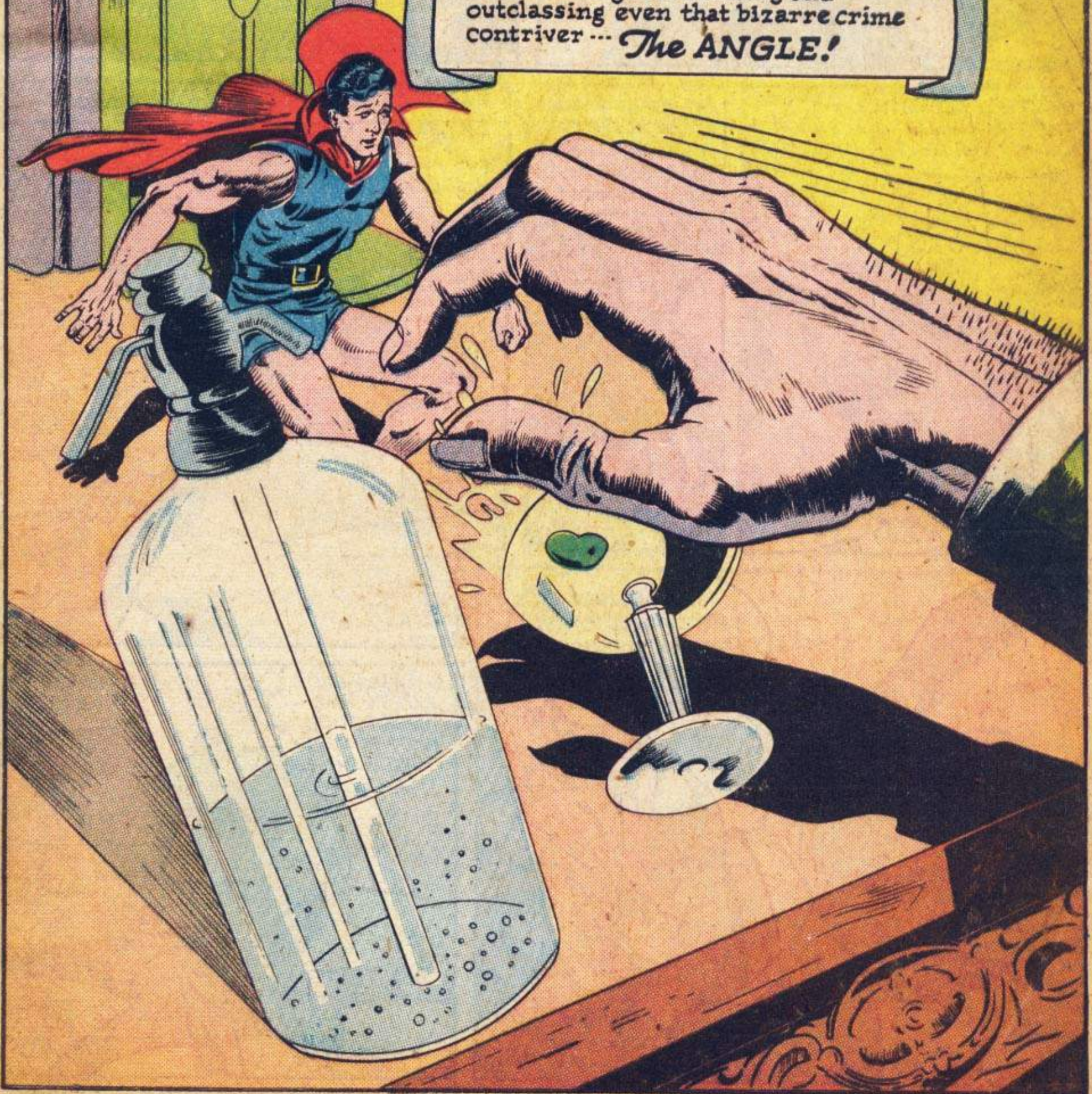
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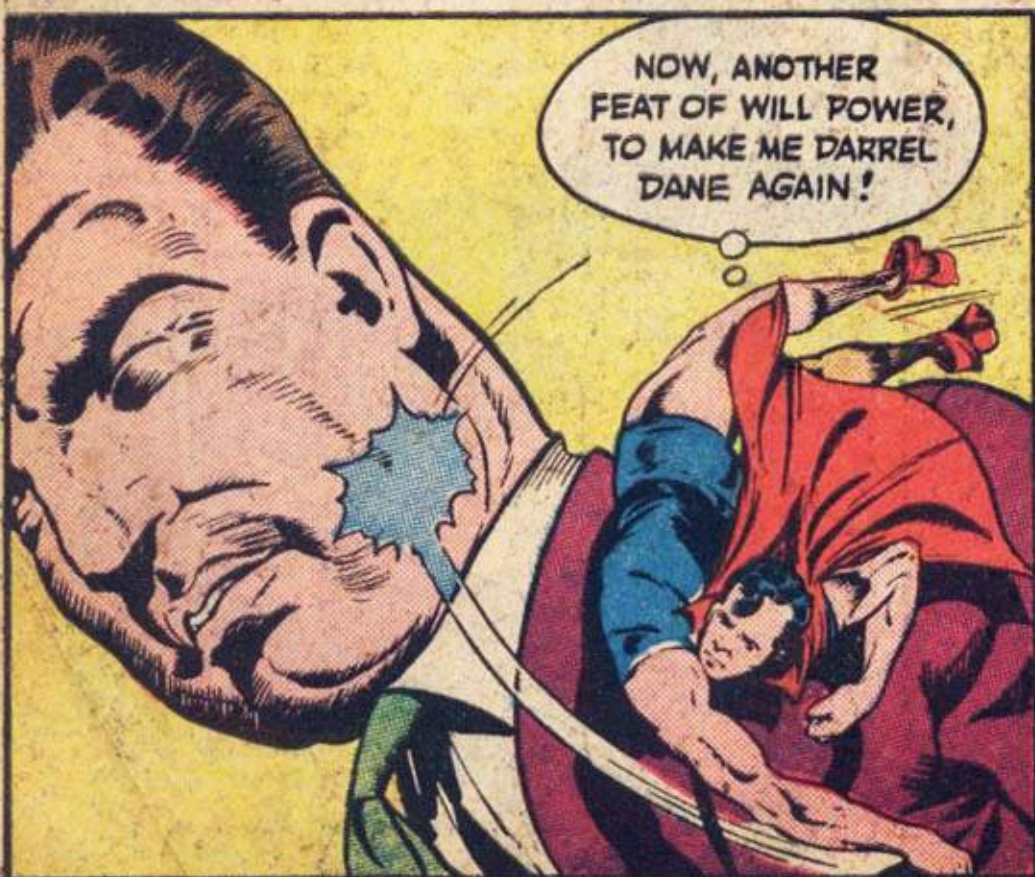
THE BRACELET LADY, Dept. 10, 2250 N. KEATING AVE., CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

The Doll Man

SMALL --- Yes, but so is an **ATOM!**

Exploding his midget might in the very face of evil, *The DOLL MAN* fights his way over the fallen giants of crime, outthrashing, outthinking and outclassing even that bizarre crime contriver ... *The ANGLE!*

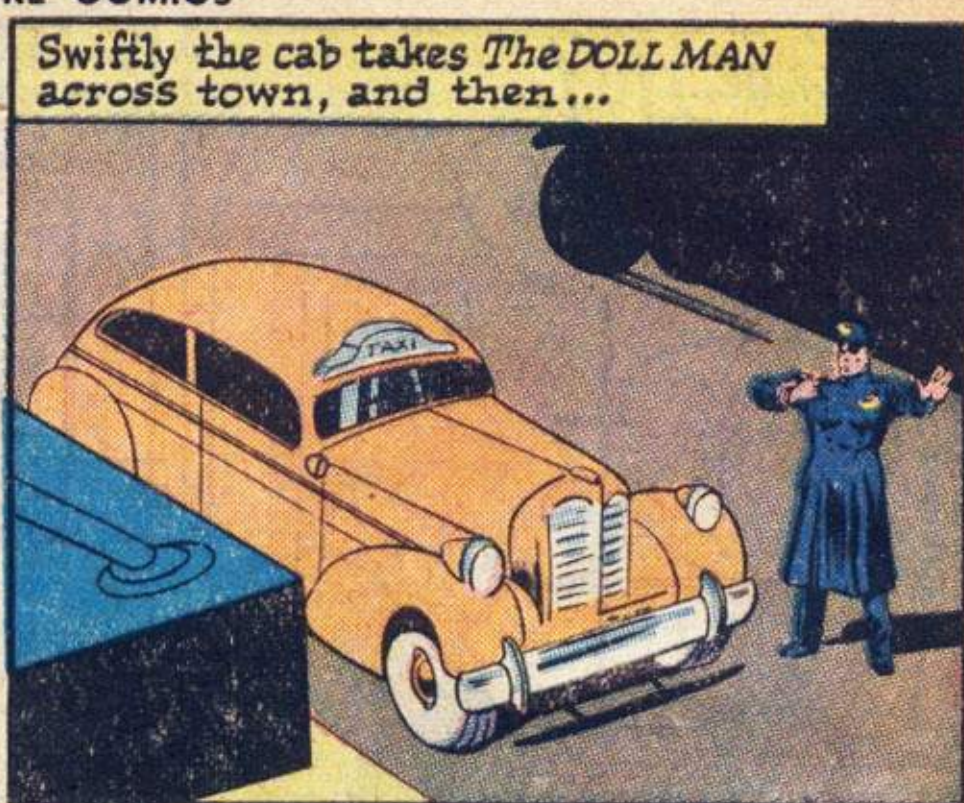




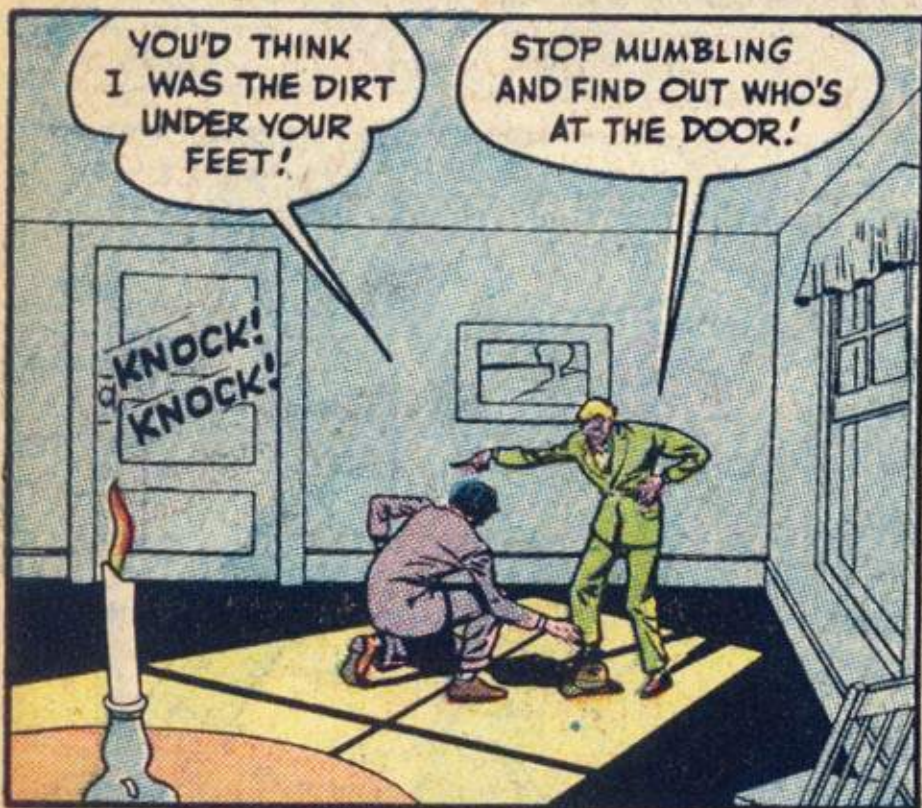








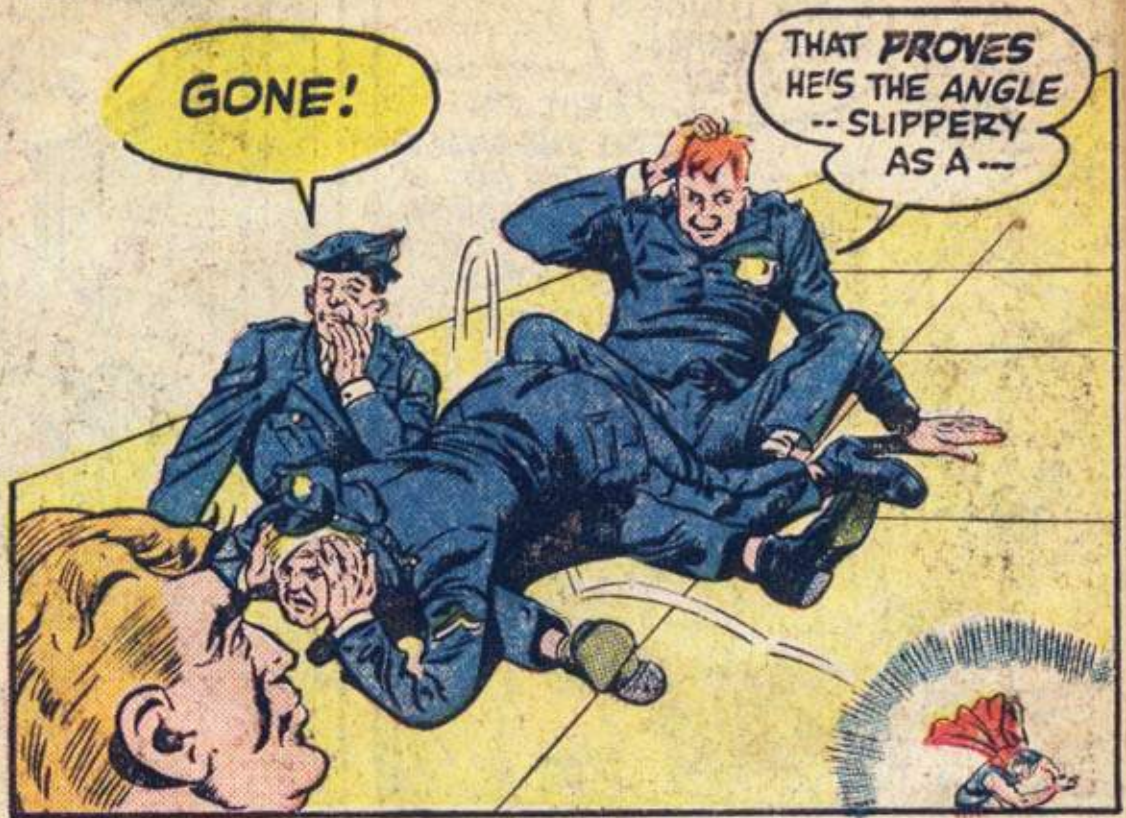


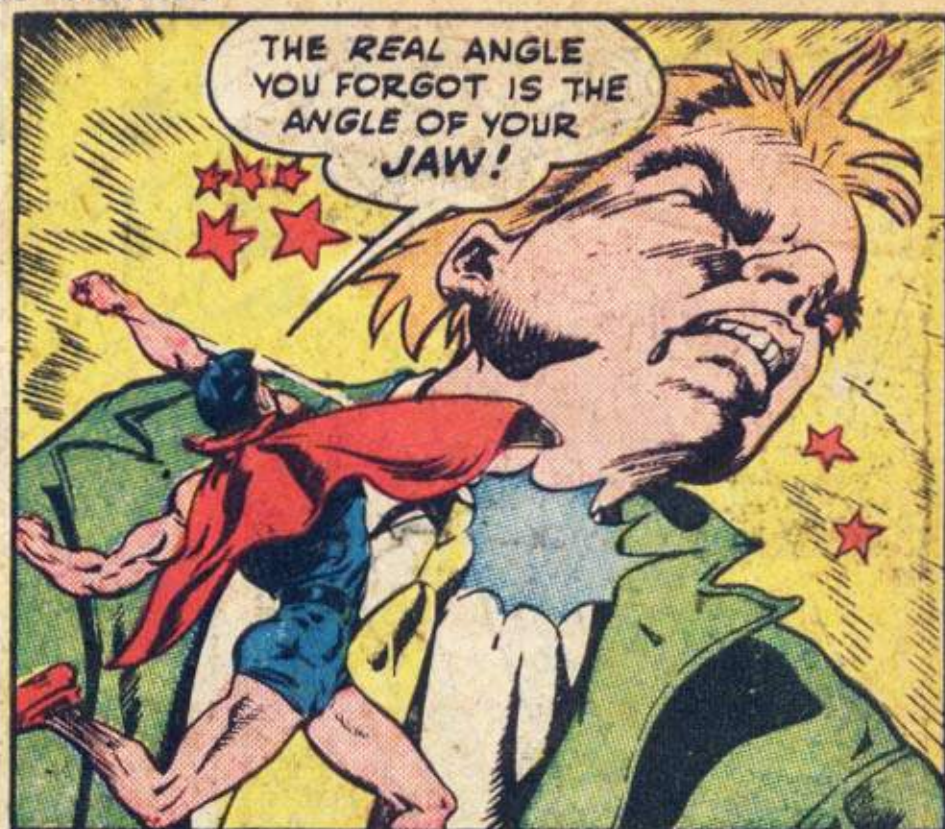












BLIMPY

WE'D MAKE YA WALK
TH' PLANK, LUBBER,
BUT YE'RE TOO **FAT!**
SO---

The **SKELETON**, a cargo windjammer of shanghaied men, pulls into port looking for victims, just as **BLIMPY** decides to become a **SEAFARER!**

Blimpy goes down to the docks one day....

GOLLY! IT MUST
BE GREAT TO GO TO
SEA AND SEE
THE WORLD!

WHAT A HEALTHY LIFE... DOING ONE'S
WORK IN THE GREAT OPEN SPACES, ONE'S
TANNED SKIN EXPOSED TO THE SUN'S
RAYS --- YES, **SIR!**
IT DEVELOPS
MUSCLE!

Meanwhile, in the SKELETON's crow's nest...

LAND HO!

WHAT IS IT,
HARPOON? THE
BEAR POINT
LANDING?

NO, CAP'N MOKE!
IT'S A PROSPECTIVE
SAILOR!

AYE! 'TIS LUCK TO BE FINDING A
MAN WITH PLENTY OF MEAT ON HIM—
THERE'S SUCH A SHORTAGE OF
SEAFARIN' MEN TODAY!

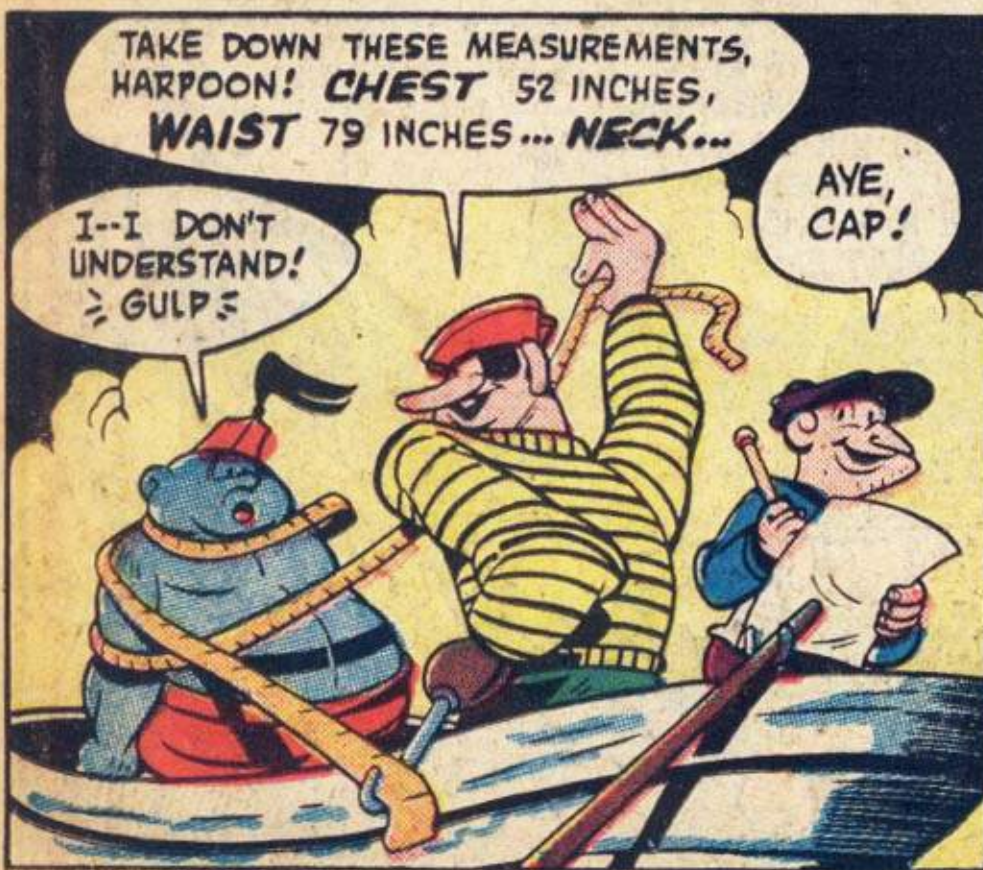
AYE, SIR!

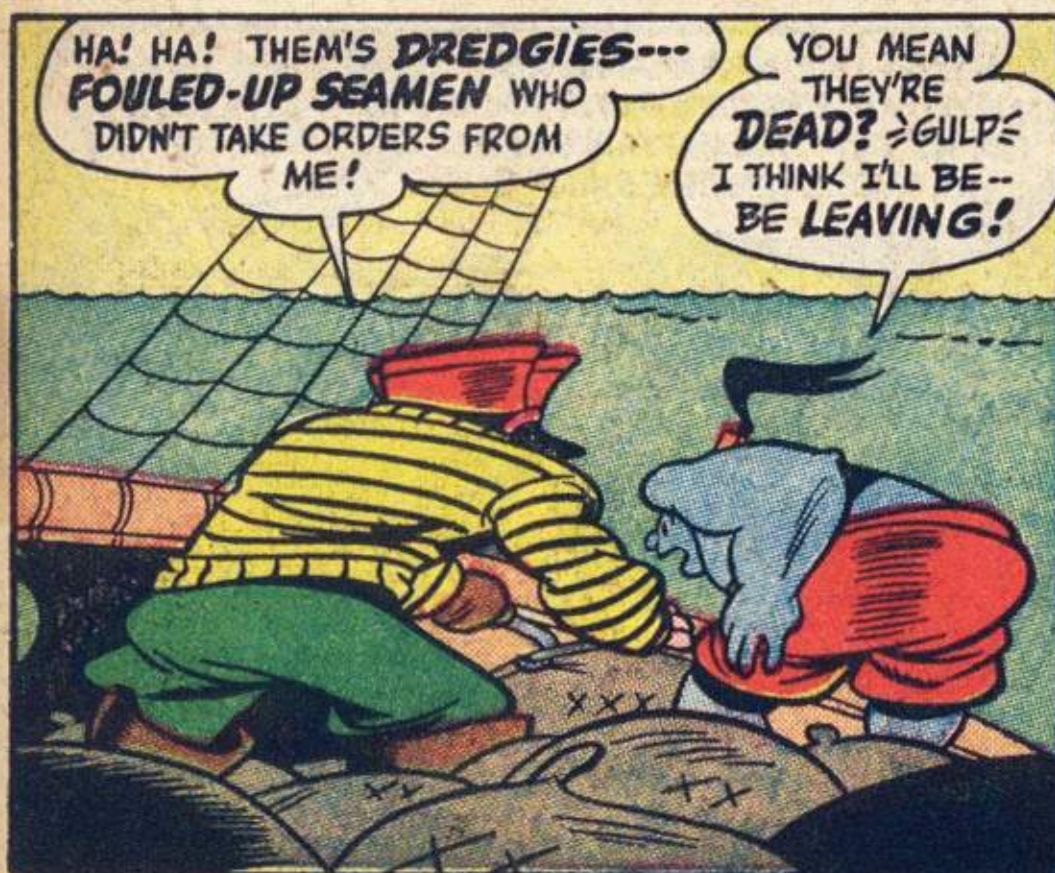
SHOVE OFF!
WE NEED ONE MORE
GOB BEFORE WE
SAIL!

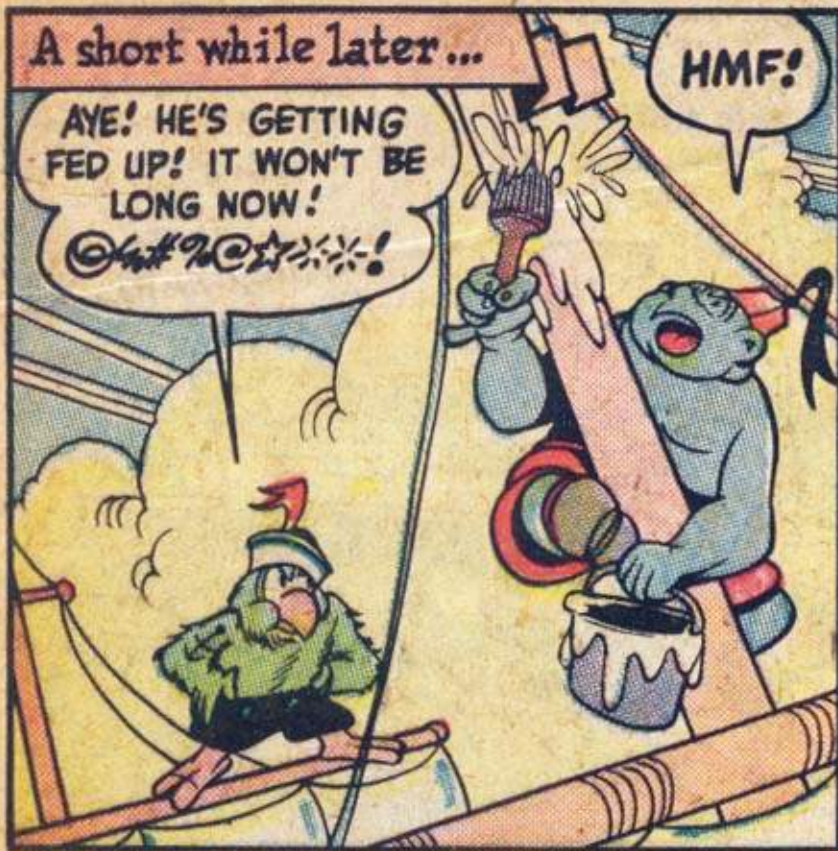
HMM-M!

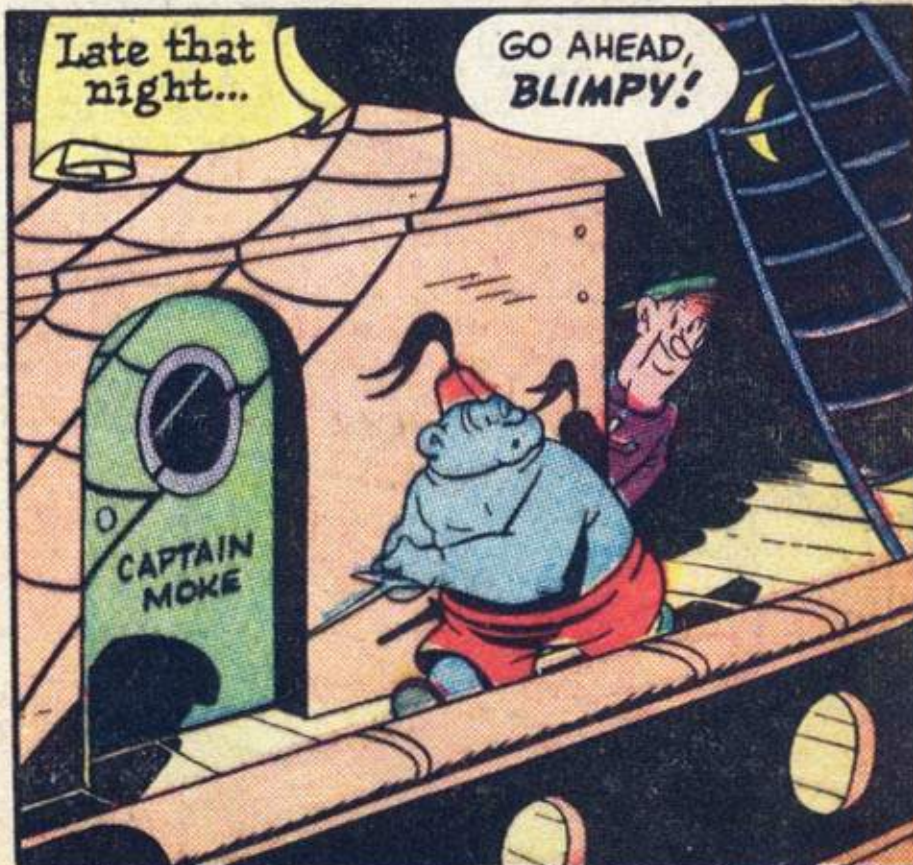
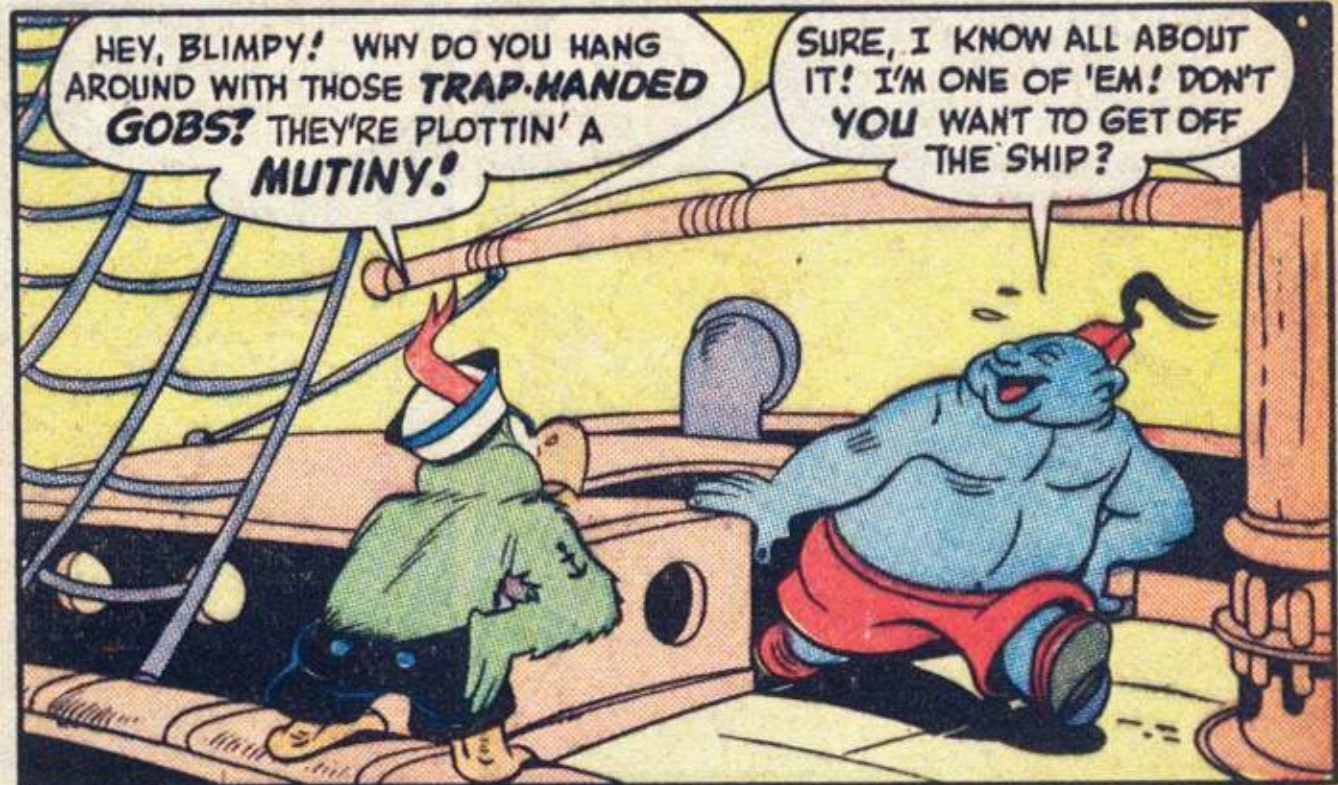
@!%#&*!! THOSE
DIRTY BARNACLE BACKS! I
CAN'T BEAR IT ANY LONGER ---THE
CONSTANT SHANGHAING OF
INNOCENT VICTIMS ON
THIS COFFIN BRIG!

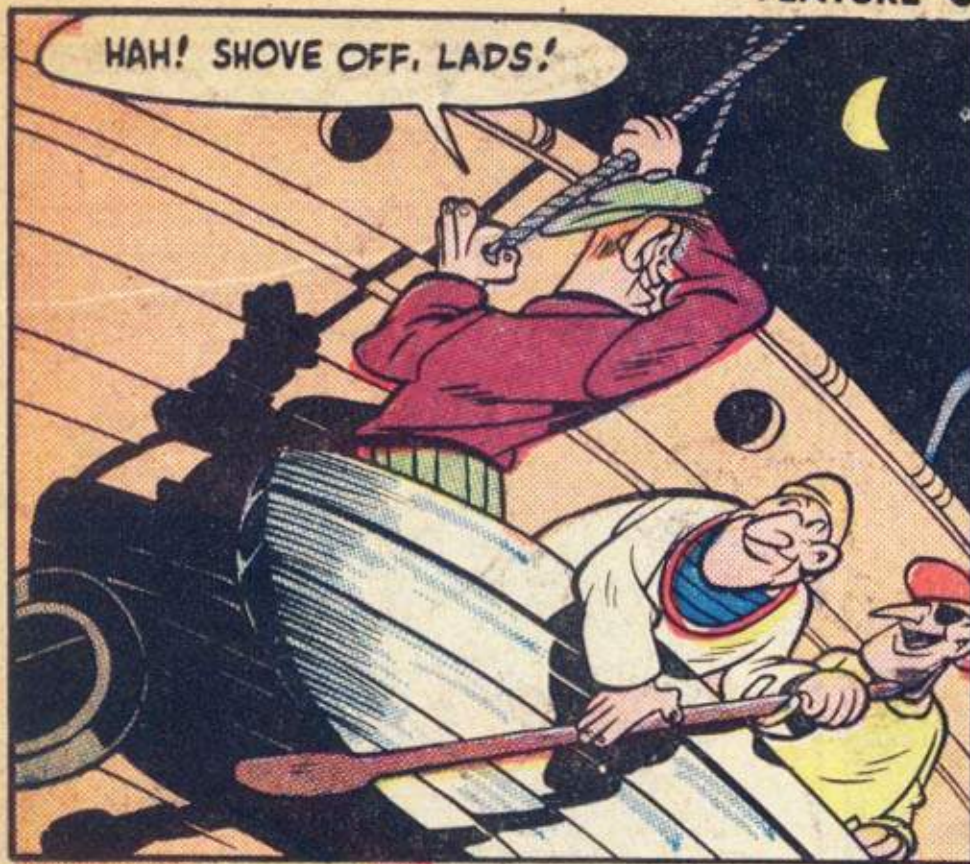
HMF! NOW THEY'RE
AFTER A FAT ONE! THE
POOR SOUL KNOWS NOT WHAT
HE GETS HIMSELF INTO OR
MY NAME ISN'T
MATEY!

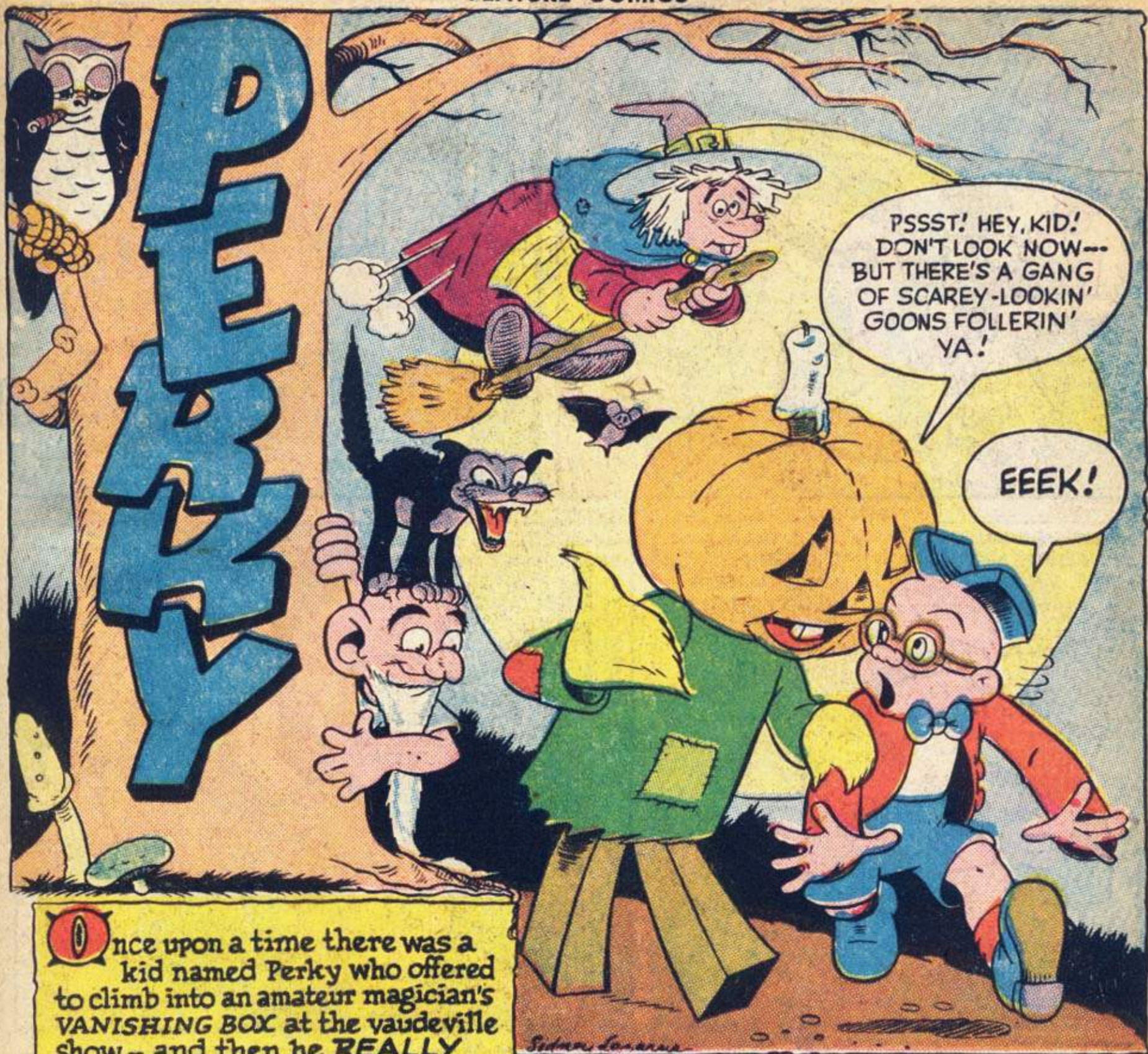






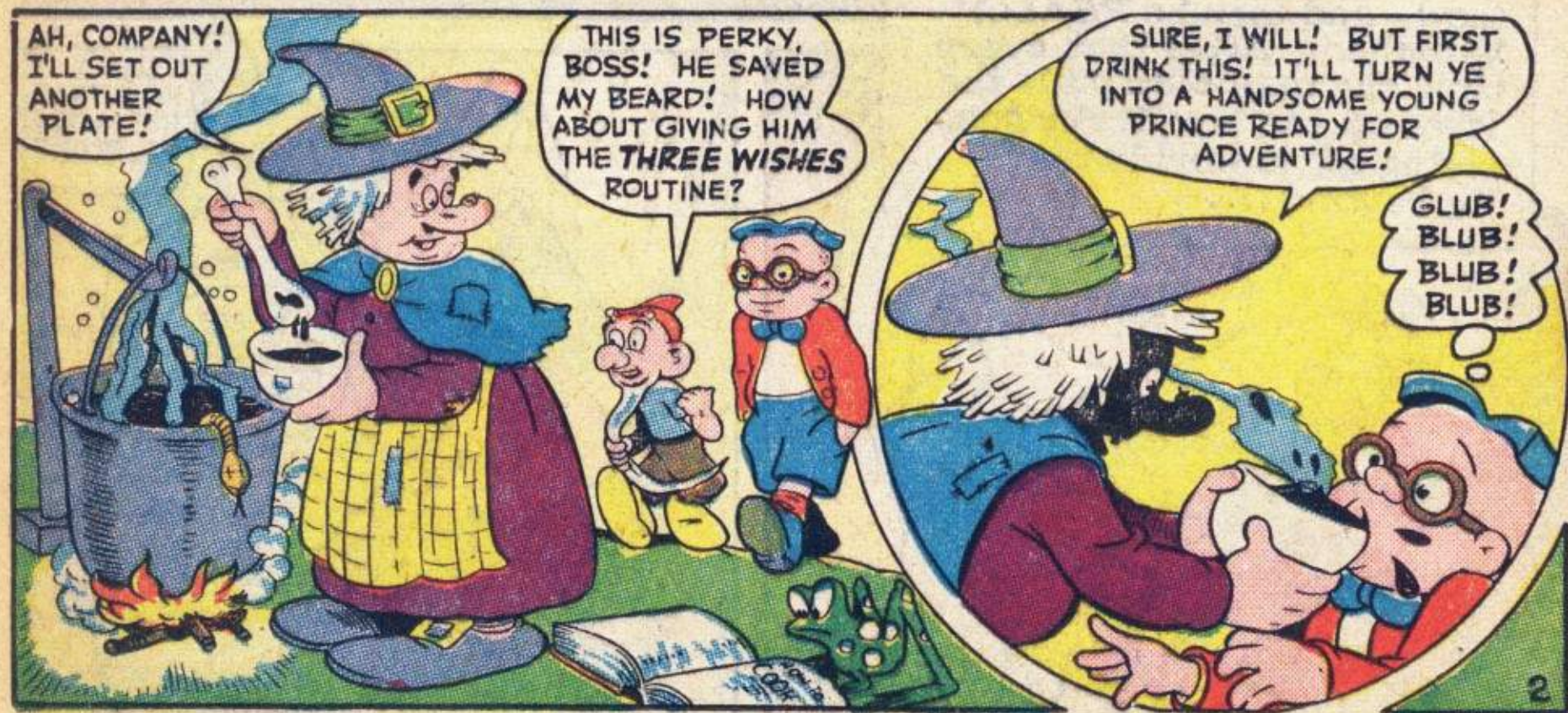


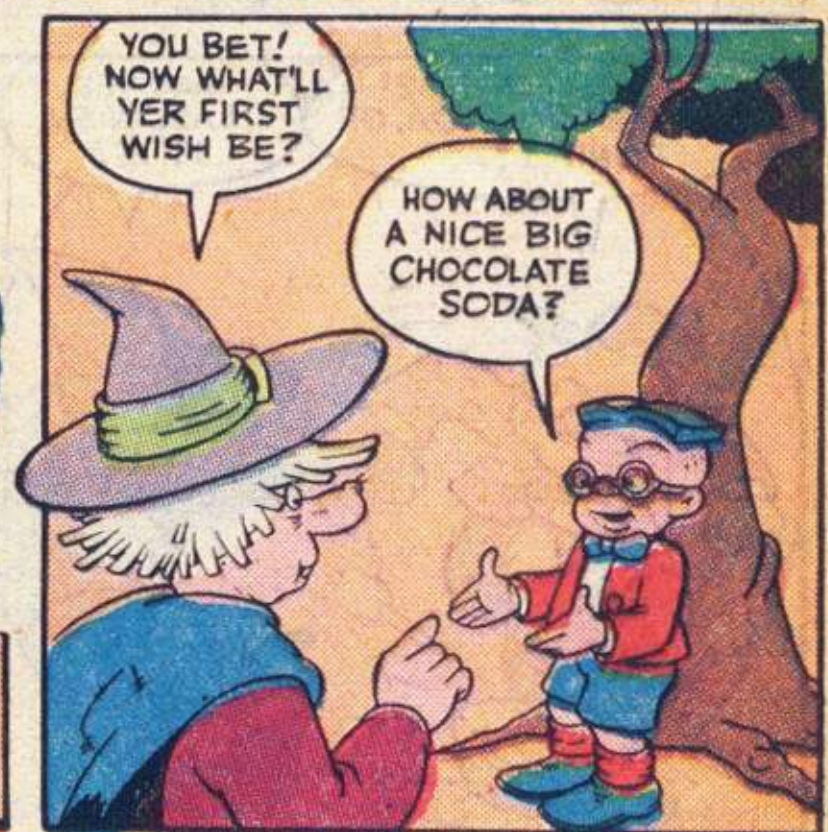


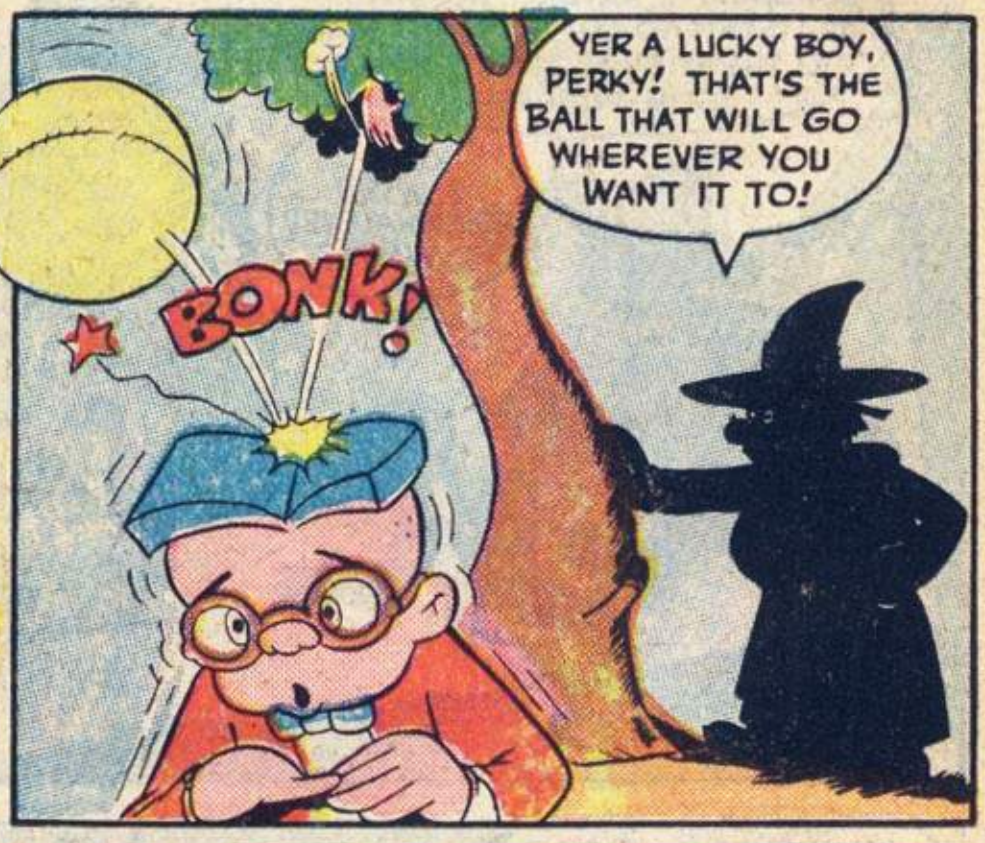
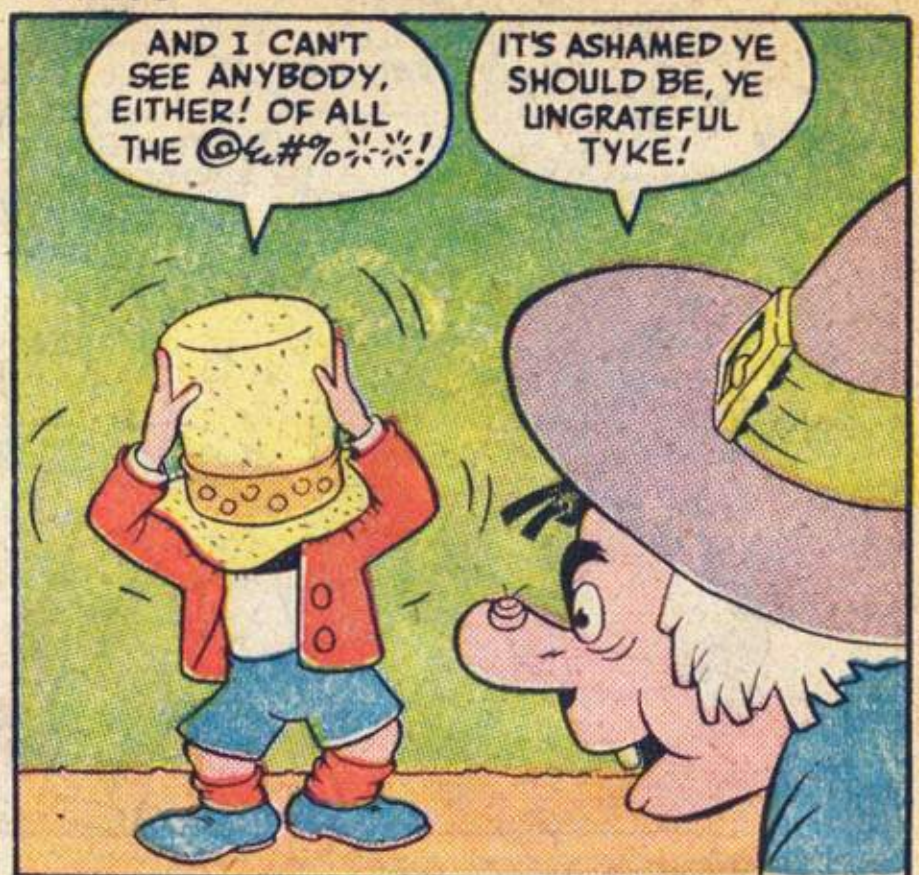


Once upon a time there was a kid named Perky who offered to climb into an amateur magician's **VANISHING BOX** at the vaudeville show - and then he **REALLY** vanished! After that, every time the magician pulls the lever on the box, Perky goes flying off to worlds that lie beyond....

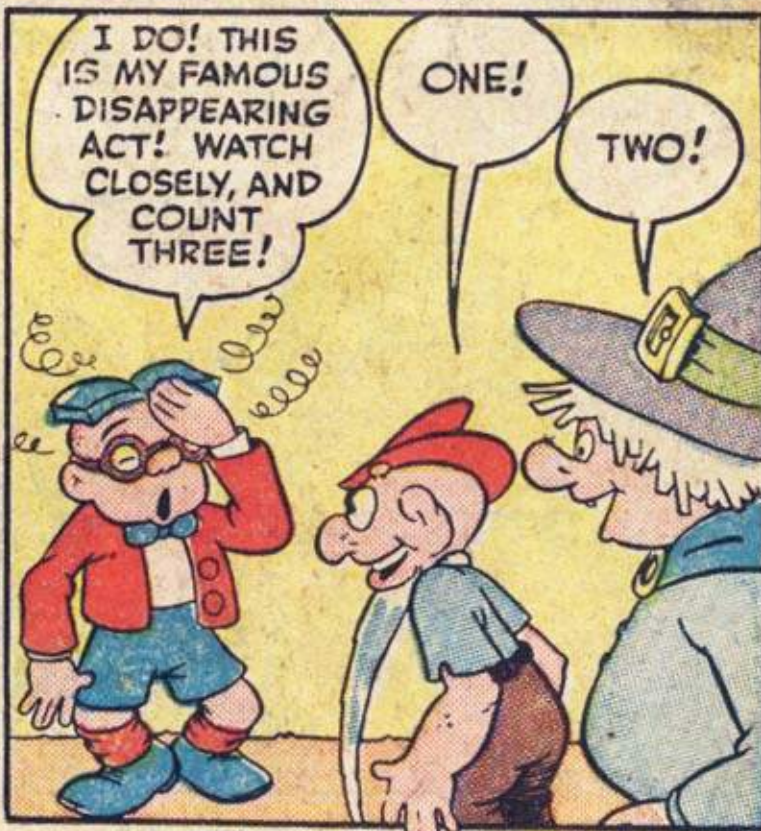




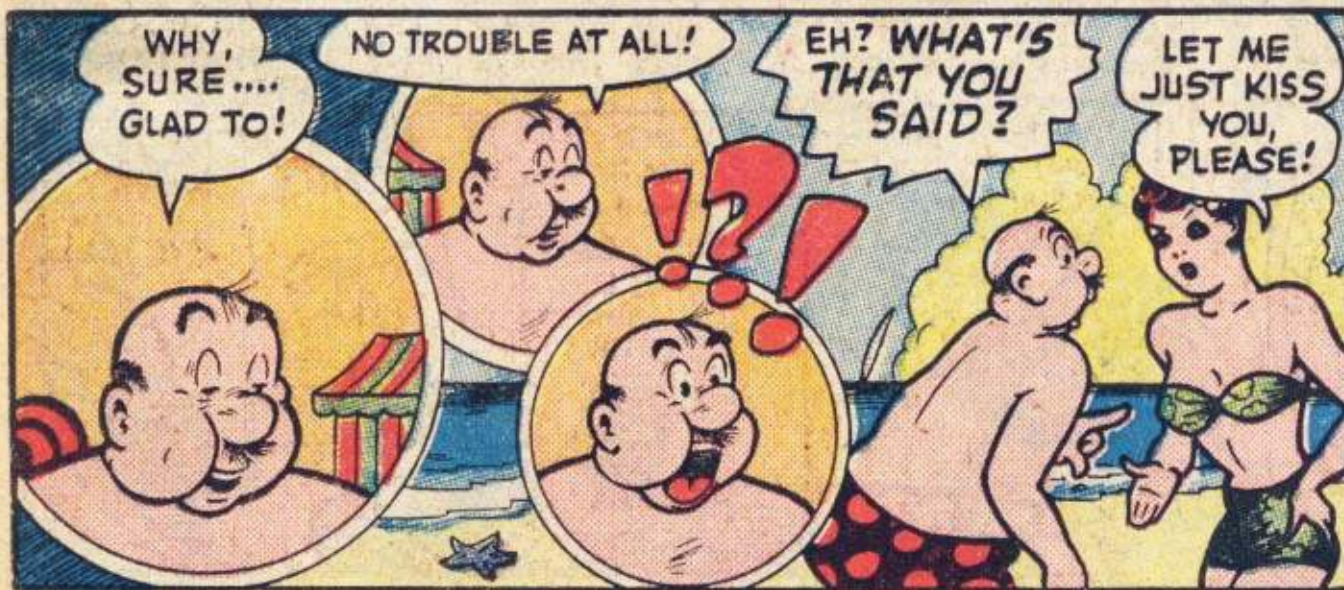




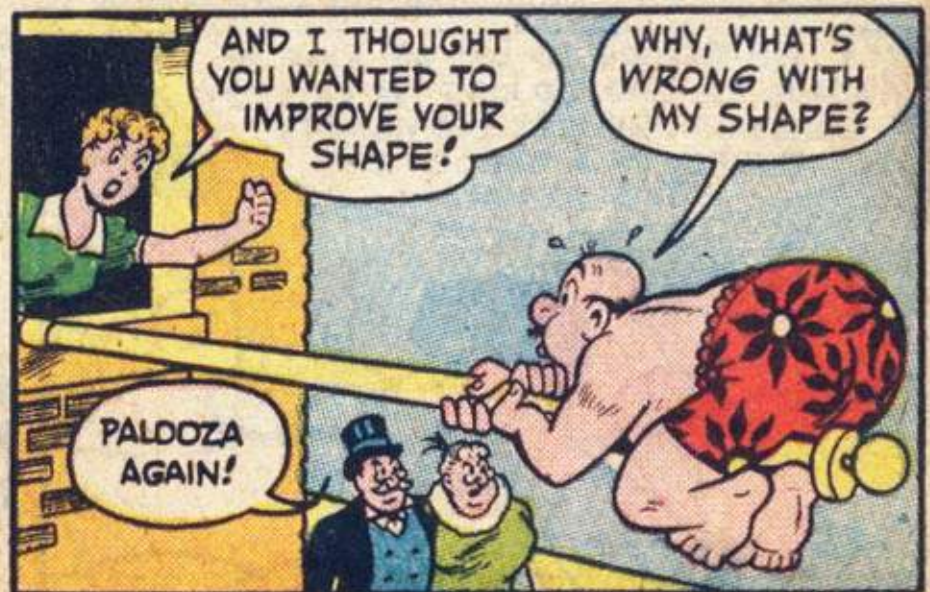




LALA PALOOZA

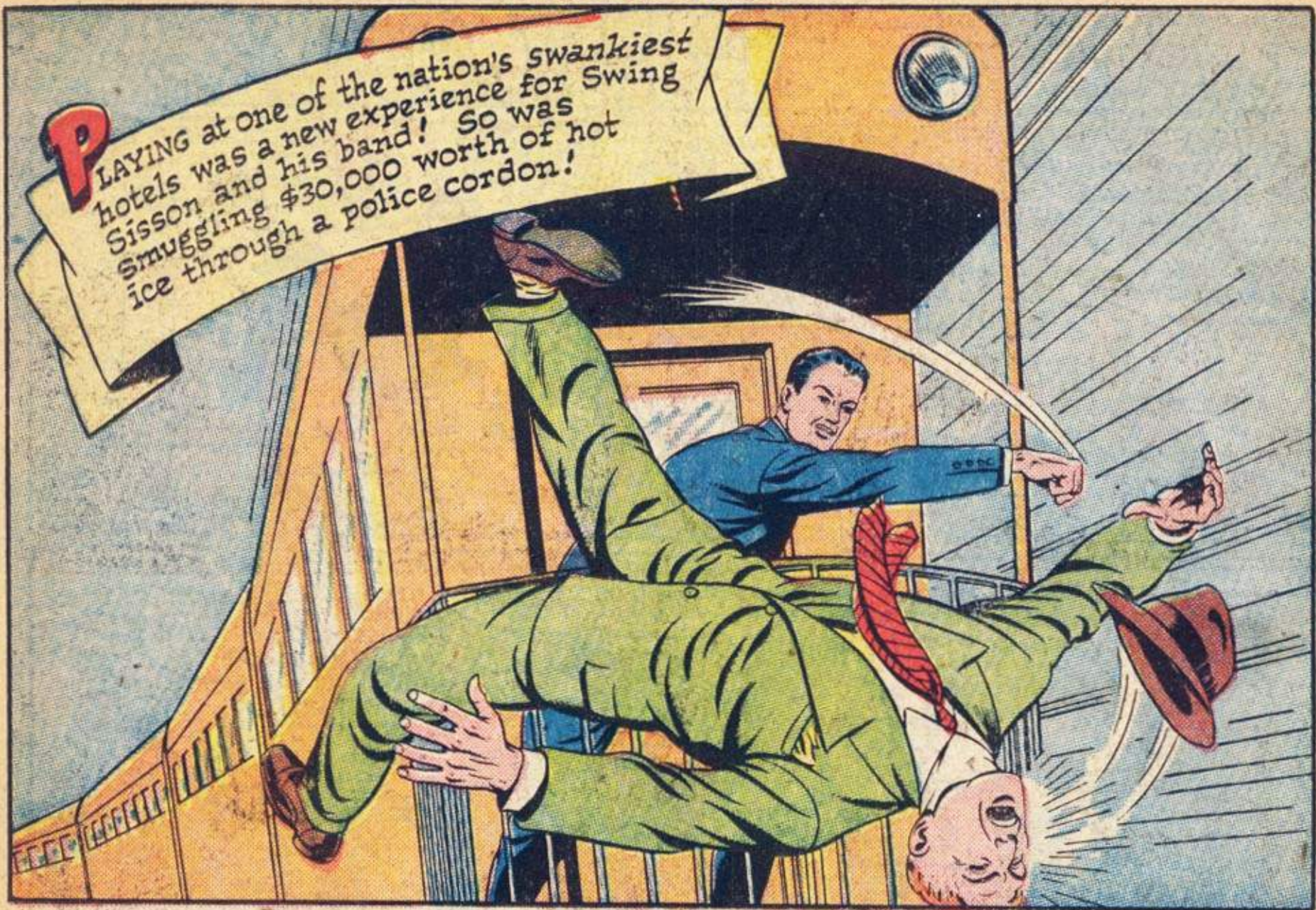


LALA PALOOZA

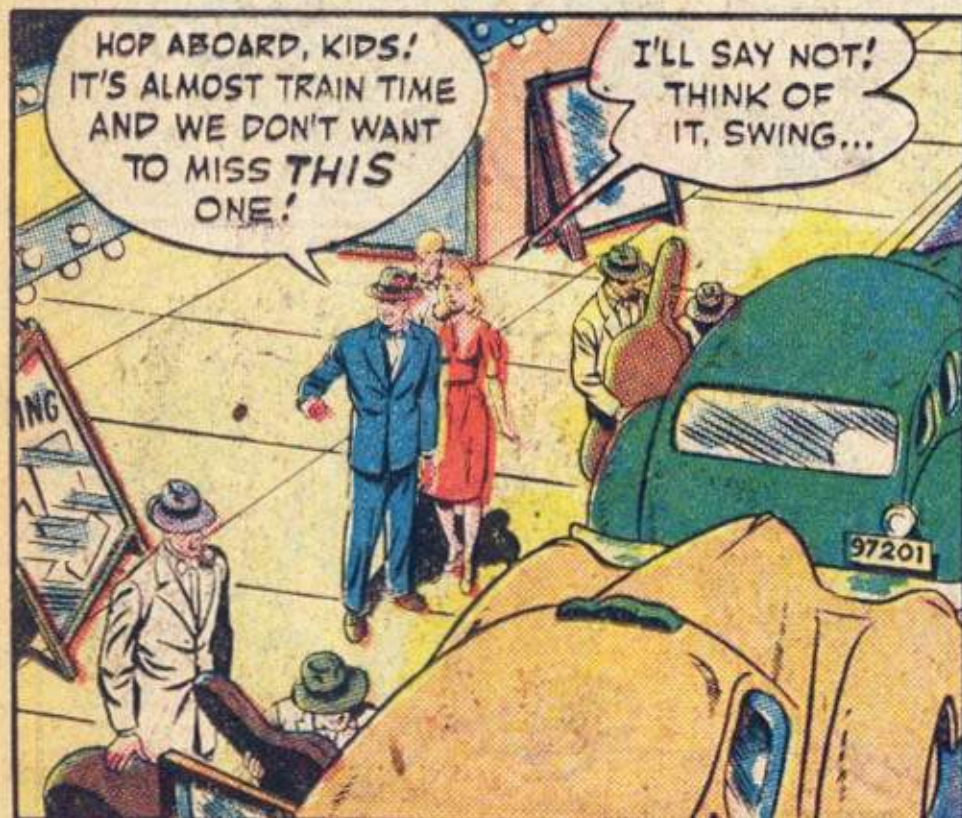


LALA PALOOZA





SWING SISSON



At that moment, a few blocks away...



WHAT A HAUL, KRAFF! TOMORROW WE'LL BE IN BIG CITY AND THIS BABY'LL BE TURNED INTO CASH!

OR IN JAIL! YOU KNOW COPS ARE WATCHING EVERY TRAIN FOR THE HOON'AN DIAMONDS! HOW YOU GONNA GET 'EM ON THE TRAIN?

IF I HAD TO DEPEND ON YOUR BRAINS, KRAFF, I'D BE STARVED TO DEATH BY NOW!

WHATCHA GOT THERE, SHARKY?



WHAT IS THAT THING?

A BAND LEADER'S BATON, DOPEY! NOW SHADDAP AND WATCH A **MIND** IN ACTION FOR A CHANGE!



A short time later...

HERE, SON! GIVE THIS PACKAGE TO SWING SISSON, THE BAND LEADER, OVER THERE! AND FORGET WHO GAVE IT TO YOU, SEE?

WHEW! FOR THAT DOUGH, I'D FORGET I WAS BORN, MISTER!



WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T SHARKY AND KRAFF! GOING SOMEWHERE, BOYS?

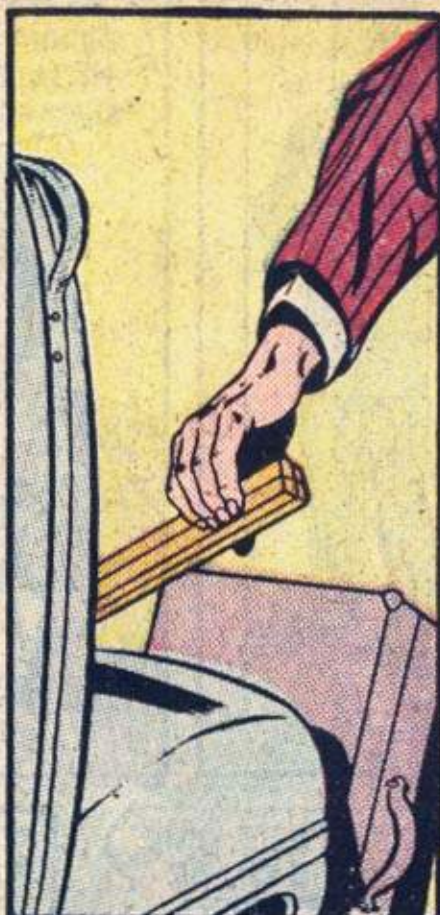
HI, COPPERS! YEH, WE GOT A LITTLE BUSINESS IN BIG CITY! SO WHAT?

SO YOU'RE GETTING SEARCHED BEFORE YOU GET ON THE TRAIN! THE WAY WE HEARD IT, THAT BUSINESS MIGHT INVOLVE A CERTAIN NECKLACE!

SEARCH AWAY FLATFOOT! YOU CAN'T PIN ANYTHING ON US!









I WON'T REPORT YOU THIS TIME .. BUT DON'T GET STICKY. FINGERED AROUND MY PROPERTY AGAIN!



NOW WHATCHA GONNA DO, SHARKY? HE'LL BE WATCHIN' US, NOW!

I'M GONNA DO PLENTY TO THAT @&#%*~! HEEL!



WAIT'LL THEY GO TO SLEEP TONIGHT! WE'LL GET THE NECKLACE ---AND THAT SMART SWING SISSON, TOO!

LEMME TAKE HIM! MY JAW STILL HURTS FROM THAT PUNCH!



YUH THINK HE'S WISE ABOUT THE OTHER BATON, SHARKY?

NAW! HE'D HOLLER COPPER IF HE WAS! I SHOULDA FIGURED HE'D PUT THE OLD BATON AWAY AND KEEP THE NEW ONE WITH HIM!



HO-HUMMM! THE PORTER'S MAKING UP OUR BERTHS NOW! GONNA HIT THE HAY, SWING?

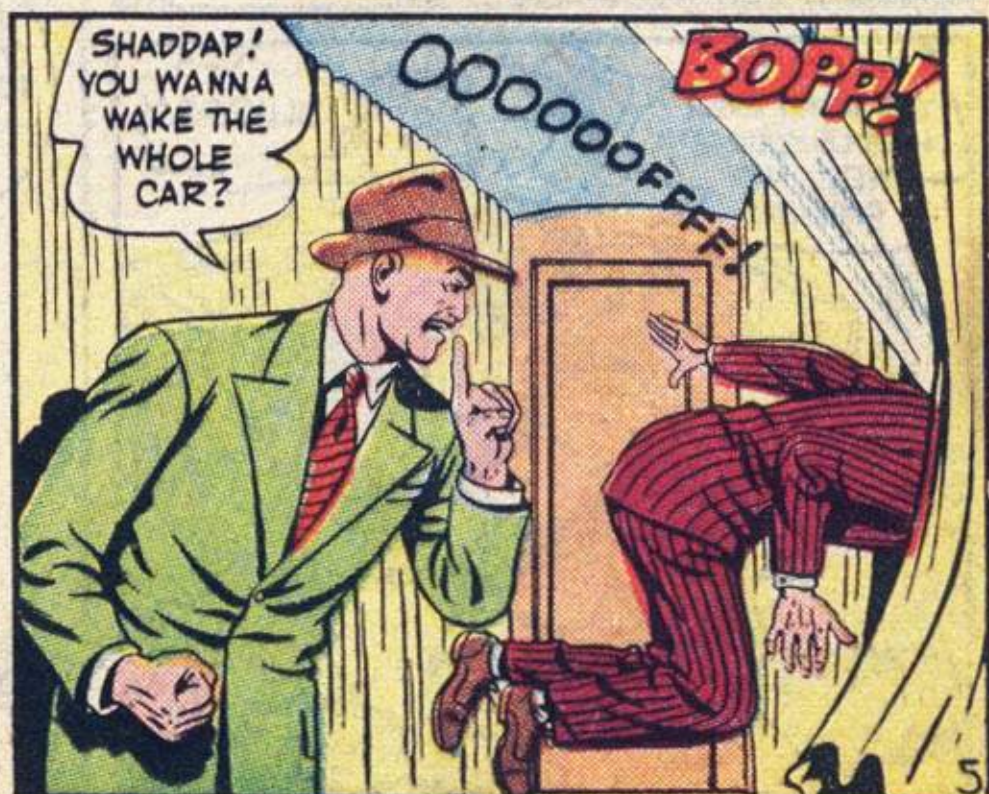
PRETTY SOON, TOBY! I WANT TO GET OFF AT THE NEXT STOP AND SEND A TELEGRAM, FIRST! YOU KIDS ROLL IN!



An hour later...

HE'S GOT THE NEW BATON IN HIS BERTH! I SAW HIM TAKE IT IN! WE'LL GET IT AND HOP OFF THE TRAIN AT THE NEXT STATION!

I'LL REACH IN FIRST AND MAKE SURE SISSON CAN'T YELL!



SHADDAP! YOU WANNA WAKE THE WHOLE CAR?

BOOPP!



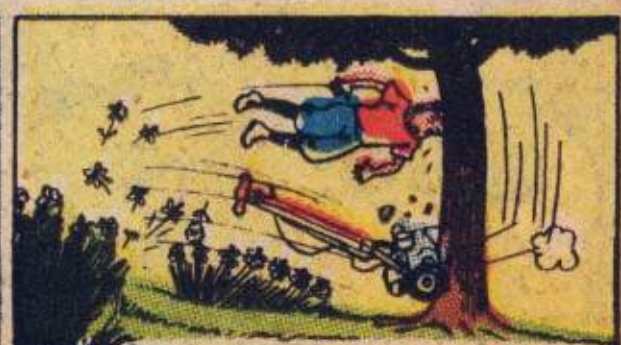
MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

LOST IN THE WOODS, WHILE ON A PICNIC WITH THE FAMILY, UNCLE PHIL SOUGHT TO GET HIS BEARINGS AT A LITTLE FARMHOUSE — WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS.



DO YOU THINK HE'S A FRIEND OF THE OLD GUY WHO OWNS THIS FARM, RED?

NO! HE WAS ASKIN' DIRECTIONS! BUT I THINK HE'S A COP! I SAW A SHIELD ON HIS CHEST! TURN HIM OVER!



HE'S THE SHERIFF!

YEAH! HE MUST'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF THAT WE WERE AROUND HERE!



THEN WE'D BETTER BEAT IT BACK INTO THE WOODS!

NOT UNTIL WE'VE GOT CLOTHES — AND FOOD! WE'LL PUT HIM IN THE CLOSET WITH THE OLD MAN!



NOW YOU LOOK FOR CLOTHES — I'LL GET THE FOOD!

OKAY!



THERE'S CLOTHES FOR YOU, RED — BUT EVERYTHING IS TOO BIG FOR ME!

HMMM — THAT SHERIFF WAS JUST ABOUT YOUR SIZE, NICK!



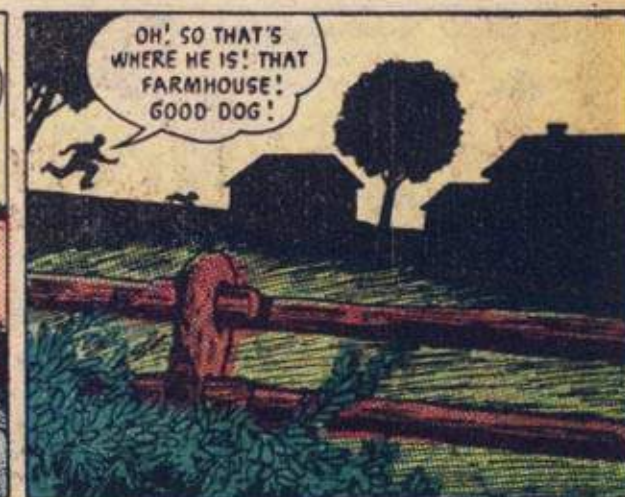
THEY FIT PERFECT, RED! AND THE BADGE MIGHT COME IN HANDY!

YEAH! NOW WE'LL TAKE THE FOOD — AND BLOW!



THAT A BOY, FIDO! I KNEW YOU'D PICK UP HIS SCENT!

ARF! ARF!



OH! SO THAT'S WHERE HE IS! THAT FARMHOUSE! GOOD DOG!

NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



YOU CAN GET ACROSS WITHOUT STEPPING ON ROCKS — OR WADING ACROSS, NIPPIE?

POSITIVELY! BY SIMPLY USING THIS TREE! I SAW IT DONE IN THE MOVIES! I'LL SHOW YOU!



NOW LET GO!



MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

REALIZING THAT UNCLE PHIL MUST BE LOST IN THE WOODS, MICKEY HAS SET OUT WITH FIDO TO FIND HIM — AND THE DOG HAS FOLLOWED PHIL'S SCENT TO THE FARMHOUSE



NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

SHERIFF PHILIP FINN

SO PHIL TOOK THE FAMILY TO THE BEACH TODAY. EH, MICKEY?

YES, SERGEANT! AND HE'S PROMISED 'EM A DAY THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!

PHILIP! THE CHILDREN ARE ANXIOUS TO GO SWIMMING!

SO AM I! BUT FIRST I WANT TO SHOW 'EM HOW I USED TO PITCH FOR THE BROOKSVILLE ORIOLES!

HIT HIM ON THE HEAD, MISTER - AND WIN A GOOD CIGAR!

TAKE YOUR CHANCE YOU RING!

WAGEN

ODGER

WIN A CIGAR

WELL, WELL! HE HIT HIM! HE HIT HIM!

GOLLY!

HEAD!

!

YOU'RE TOO GOOD, PAL! GIVE HIM A BREAK, EH?

OH, NO! I'M GONNA KEEP GOIN' UNTIL I MISS! GIMME THREE MORE!

GEE, UNCLE PHIL! I'LL BET YOU SET A RECORD!

I DID, SUNNY! THAT GUY WILL REMEMBER ME, ALL RIGHT!

BATHING

DIANNY'S BATH HOUSES

WELCOME

IT'S GETTING LATE, PHILIP! YOU DON'T HAVE TO SWIM OUT TO THE FLOAT - THE CHILDREN WILL TAKE YOUR WORD THAT YOU CAN DO IT!

I'M GONNA PROVE IT TO 'EM! IT'LL BE THE PERFECT ENDING OF A PERFECT DAY!

?

!

NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard

WHAT DID YOU FIND, NIPPIE?

SOMETHING I CAN USE IN OUR CELLAR! AN ELECTRIC LIGHT EXTENSION WIRE!

CITY DUMP

MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO WAIT UNTIL YOUR MOTHER COMES HOME, NIPPIE!

WHY SHOULD I WAIT? IT'S OKAY, NOW - YOU'LL SEE!

PSS-ST!

?

The HAUNTED WHALER

THE old barque Nabob had just been fitted out for a year's whaling cruise around Byrd Land. She had been patched up, recaulked, her old gear replaced and several new sails installed. She looked tops and, sailing out of Auckland Bay, Perry Scott decided that she made a mighty fine showing, even if she was fifty years old.

There was supposed to be good whaling around Byrd Land, which is far, far to the south of Australia. And whaling had become, with the war years, a profitable business. Not that Perry knew a great deal about whaling; only what he had picked up knocking about the world. But he had an expert crew of whalers aboard, so he didn't worry.

Actually, Perry was thinking more about the fine movies he intended taking on this cruise than the whaling, profitable though it was. He would cut 50-50 with the owners and crew. He had put up the money to outfit the cruise.

No one had made color movies of a whaling expedition, and Perry knew that he would have no trouble selling the film to a motion picture studio. Maybe he'd even make a little speaking tour and show the films during his talks. He had never done that but the idea sort of appealed to him.

The skipper, Jan Jennings, was a weathered old Scandinavian who was rough speaking, but was withal a decent sort.

The mate was a half cast Maori, from New Zealand, known to the beachcombers as Tuff. The crew were all sorts, all nations. Perry didn't care much about their appearance, but the skipper told him that they were all experienced whalers, and that's all that mattered.

The cook they had signed on was a problem. One-eyed, he was a tall, skinny pole of a man with a shiny bald head, and a sad, long face that resembled a horse's. He had a nasty disposition and made no effort to be decent to anyone. But he was a good cook, so that filled the bill.

The Nabob cleared Auckland Bay with a good stiff nor'west wind and made for Dog Island where they would take on several Maori harpooners. By the time these men were aboard, a stiff wind was blowing and the skipper was hesitant about leaving

the protection of the little island harbor. But Perry prevailed upon him to up anchor.

They ran into a storm almost immediately. The skipper tried to put back, but the gale was blowing so hard that it was impossible. It grew dark as night although the time was around noon. The wind lashed and ripped at the rigging and snapped the sails in booming flaps. Then it rained. Perry never saw such rain. It came down in waves, and they had to batten down all hatches to keep it out of the hold.

It was near sundown when the storm abated, and they ran into a dead calm. Off course, nobody knew exactly where they were and there was no chance of taking a reading unless the stars came out. They didn't come out. The Nabob drifted through the night in a silence that was uncanny. No waves ran on the smooth glassy surface of the ocean. Not a sound.

Then an eerie wail came out of the night. It seemed to come from the air above them, from the hold of the ship, and from all sides together.

It was hot and everybody was on deck. The men sat tense, hair raising on their necks. The yowl came again, ripping out of the night, throbbing, vibrant, across the silent decks.

Everybody was petrified with fear; the men aloft had heard the blood curdling howl above and below them. They scrambled down the rigging like monkeys.

Again the cry came, shriller, louder and more horrible than before.

"Fer th' love of Judus!" gasped the mate, "wot is it?"

"Ghosts! That's what it is—ghosts!" someone half sobbed. "Th' darn ship's ha'nted!"

Just then the screams of a man was heard. He had fallen from the main topgallant yard—had let go his hold from fright, dropped from aloft, hit the bulwarks and bounced into the sea. It was too dark to see him, and almost simultaneously with the man's falling, there came a furious wind. It shrieked out of the south, screaming like a banshee, throttling any further sounds.

By now it was too rough to lower a boat to try and save the fallen man. It was thought he would

be dead anyway, from hitting things on his rapid way down through the guys and wires.

All through the night, the crew, cowering and speechless, battled the storm that was beating the old hooker from Stewart's Land. Regularly that night, the unearthly scream shuttled over the ship. Every hour that terrible cry came, driving the men half insane with fear. Sailors are naturally superstitious.

Perry Scott went among them trying to keep their fears down, explaining that something of flesh and blood was causing the cries. But they wouldn't believe him. The sound emanated from the fleshless throat of a *ghost*. That was all there was to it.

"The old hooker's ha'nted!" yelled the men.

The storm blew itself out toward morning and the men quieted somewhat. The screams had stopped with the first gray streaks of dawn. The men were hungry and they shouted for the cook. But the cook was nowhere to be found. In the night he had disappeared.

The mate went to the galley and rapped smartly on the door, which was locked. A voice within yelled "Git away from there, or I'll blast ye!"

"We're hungry, cookie," called the mate. "How 'bout some grub?"

"Git, I say!" yapped the cook. "Git afore I let loose with this here shotgun!"

The mate jumped back from the door and reported to the skipper. "He's gone crazy, I guess, Captain. Plain crazy, that's what."

So the crew had to break out ship biscuits and tinned foods and they ate a cold breakfast. Toward noon the wind fell off entirely and they were becalmed. They had gone in a half circle during the night and were miles off their course.

"We'll make for Treddan Island," the captain said. "If we can get a bit of breeze."

But the calm held all that day. And the cook remained in his galley, refusing to cook and shouting curses at everyone who tried to reason with him. Toward evening he opened the galley door an inch and shouted:

"Hey, skipper, this tub's ha'nted. An' I know why. It's that blasted Maori Tuff that's causin' th' ghost. Heave him overboard and everything'll be all right."

Tuff grunted. "Crazy. Bats, that's what the old goot it!"

The cook kept shouting warnings about Tuff during the evening, promising them that the ghost would return to do them bodily injury if they didn't throw the Maori overboard.

"How do you know it's Tuff's fault?" shouted the skipper.

They couldn't hear the cook's reply.

And so there were no cooked meals that evening. Just at dark, the first scream came again and the men began muttering and eyeing the Maori. Could it be the man's fault somehow? Was he jinxed? Should they heave him overside?

It began to look very bad for Tuff, and the skipper ordered him to his cabin. "Lock the door," the skipper warned him.

They made Treddan Island about five in the morning. The entire crew piled into boats and hastened ashore, swearing they'd never go back to the ha'nted whaler. The skipper argued and threatened but it did no good. The cook came a little later in the last boat.

Cookie didn't linger around the crew gathered on shore. He hurried into the woods that grew down close to the water. Then about ten minutes after he had gone they heard a scream, exactly like those they'd heard aboard the whaler.

"Come on," the skipper commanded, grabbing Perry by the arm. They ran into the trees, stumbling over roots in the semi-darkness. The crew picked up pieces of wood and rocks and followed. The ha'nt had evidently followed the cook.

When they had gone about fifty yards they suddenly came upon the cook, sitting on a fallen log. He had a coffee pot in his hands and was blowing down its spout for all he was worth, with terrifying results.

They grabbed him and examined the coffee pot. In it they found a kazoo, that the cook had got hold of somewhere and had inserted in the spout. He had been the ghost.

The skipper and Perry dragged him to the beach and had a hard time keeping the crew from beating him to death. With force, they got him into a boat and they all rowed back to the Nabob. The ghost was blown up and the men were eyeing each other sheepishly.

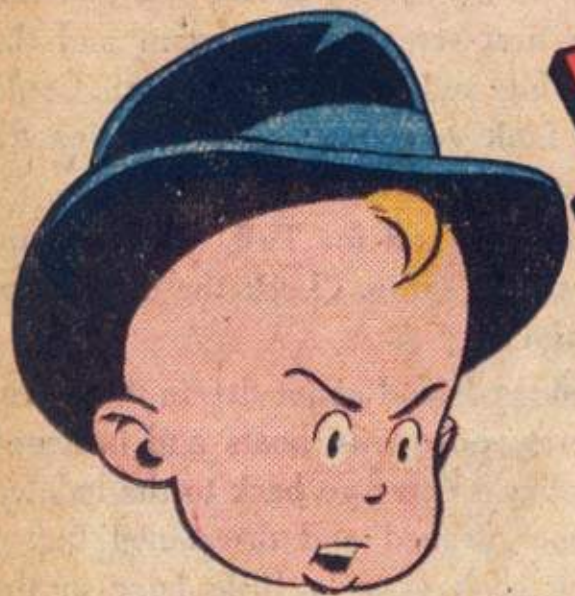
"Why did you do this?" demanded Perry of the sullen cook. "Why did you want to have the Maori dumped overboard?"

"He's a dirty crook," growled the cook. "He bet me five quid I couldn't scare the crew. I want that five quid, or I don't do no cookin' an' ye can starve."

Muttering angrily, Tuff pulled out a roll of pound notes and peeled off five. The Nabob had a good voyage, but it just goes to prove that haunted ships always have a good solution.

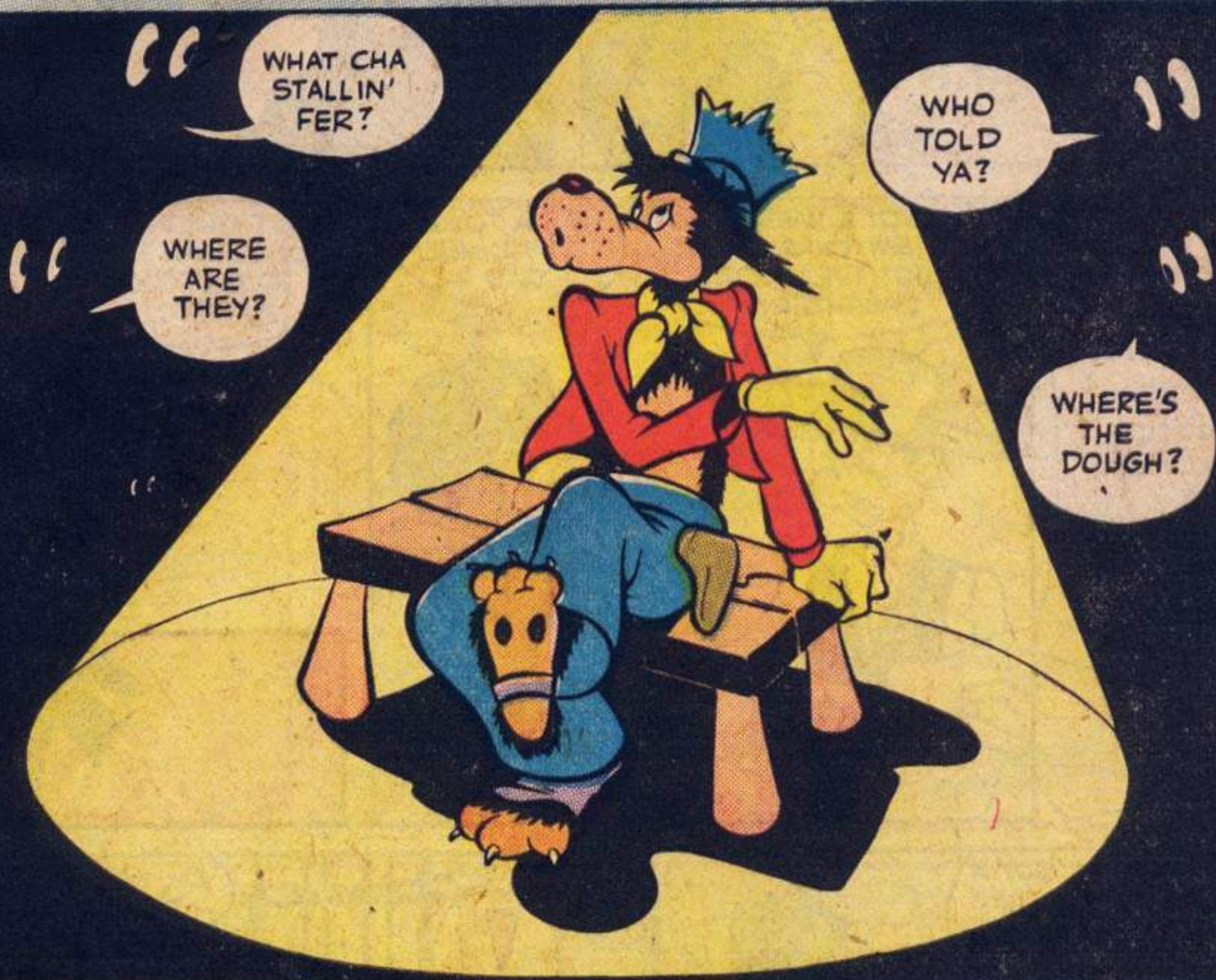
POISON

IVY



ROSCOE

TO THE RESCUE

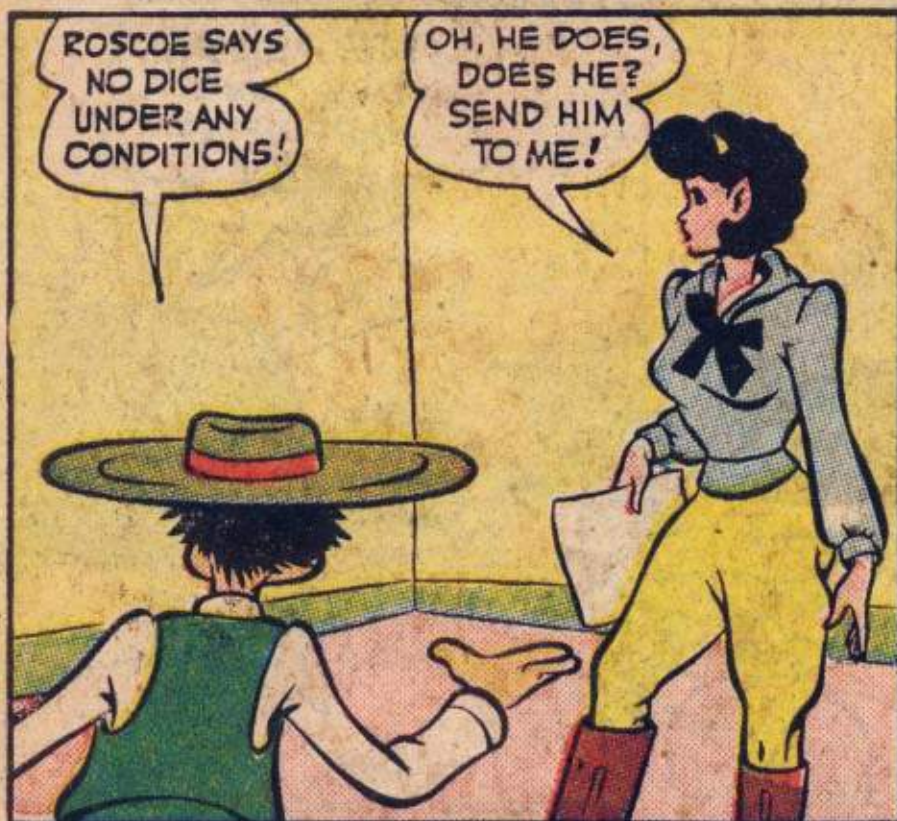




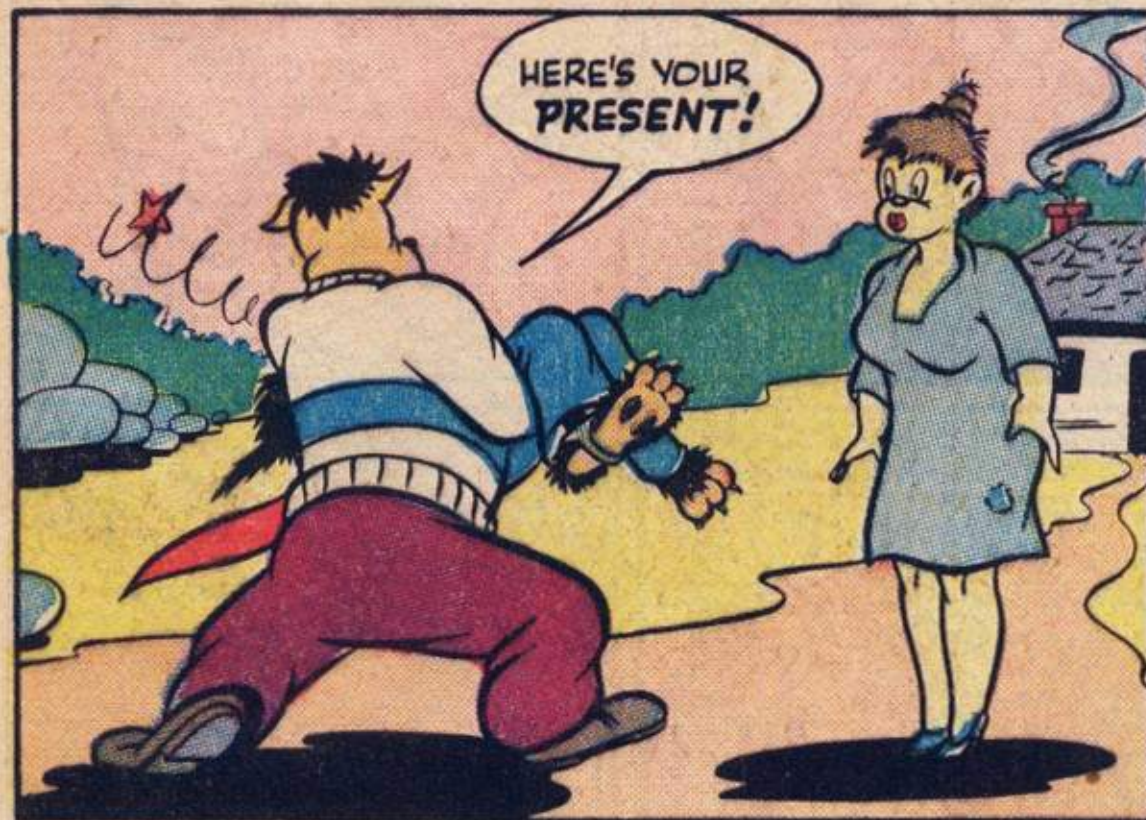
Meanwhile, in the front office, the sheriff has his troubles...



FEATURE COMICS







BIG TOP

THE BOSS WANTS ME TO THINK UP A NEW PUBLICITY GAG... BUT WHAT?



LIKE A FLASH, I GOT IT!

AND A PIP!



HEY, BOSS! I GOT A SWELL IDEA!



NAME A MONKEY AFTER ME? WHAT KIND OF PUBLICITY IS THAT?

BUT THIS JUST AIN'T ANY MONKEY, BOSS!



IT'S CLEO, OUR STAR CHIMP'S FIRST-BORN CHILD... AND BESIDES, THE PUBLIC AND THE PRESS GO BIG FOR BABIES -- EVEN MONKEY BABIES!

HMM!



BY GOLLY! I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING! NOTIFY THE PAPERS AT ONCE!



Later...

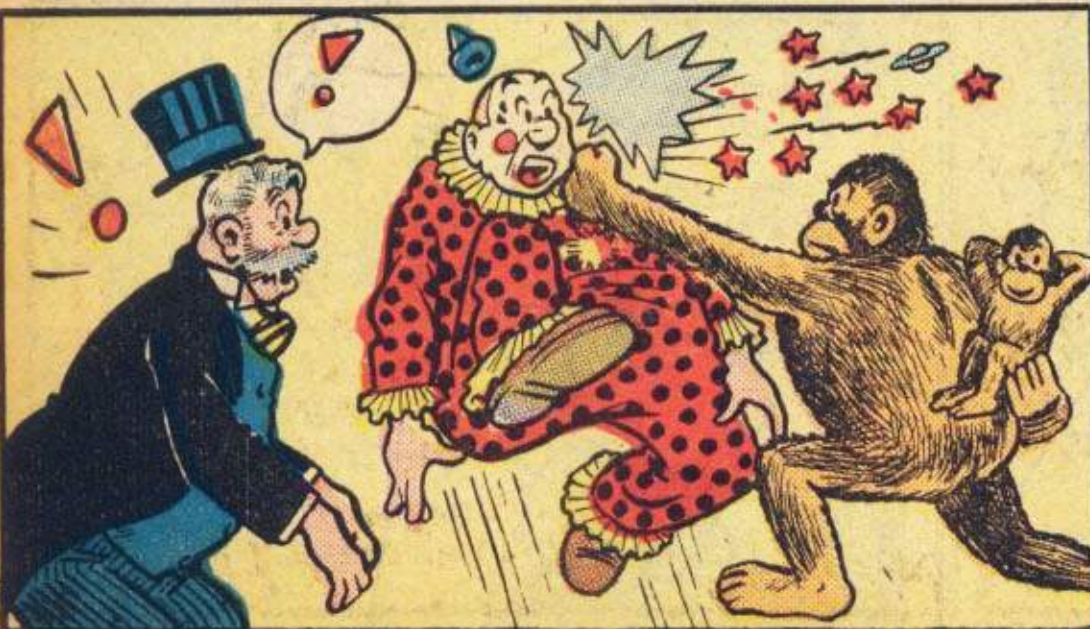
AND SO I NAME THEE JEFFERSON BANGS CHIMP, AFTER OUR HANDSOME AND DISTINGUISHED BOSS!



?

!

CLEO THE MOTHER

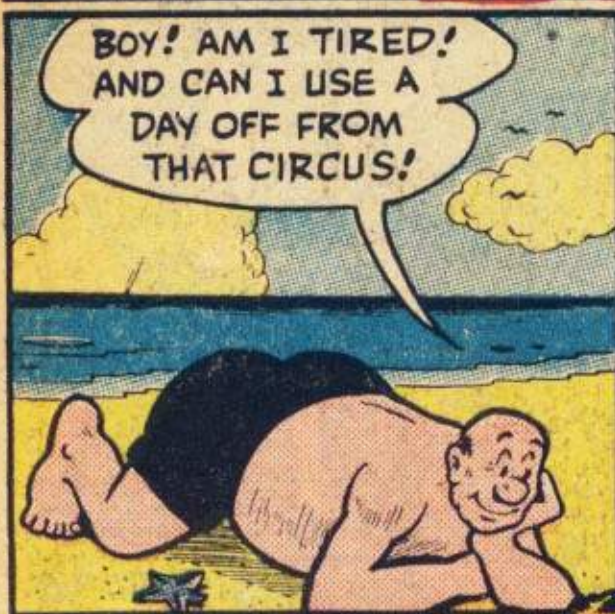


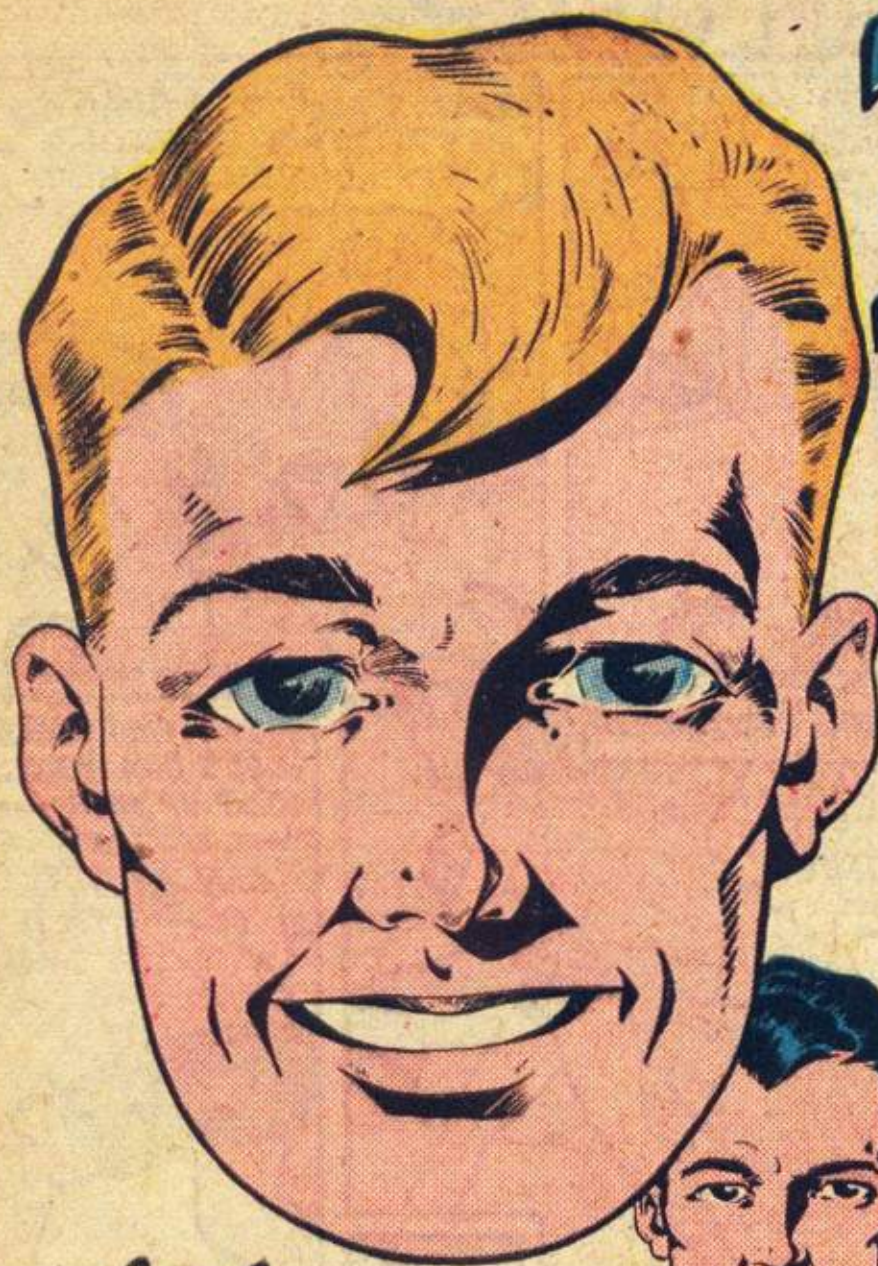
YOU WOULD NAME AN APE AFTER ME!

THE APE DIDN'T LIKE IT EITHER, BOSS!



BIG TOP





Rusty Ryan

and The Boyville Brigadiers



After an afternoon and night in the port of Rombang...

BY THE PROPHETS, A PLEASANT SHORE LEAVE!

NICE OF RUSTY AND PIERPONT TO KEEP WATCH ABOARD AND GIVE US A HOLIDAY! PULL FOR THE SHIP!



THE SHIP! WHERE DID IT GO? WHAT HAPPENED?



THIS is what happened! During the night, over the side of the deserted vessel...

JUST THE CRAFT WE NEED!

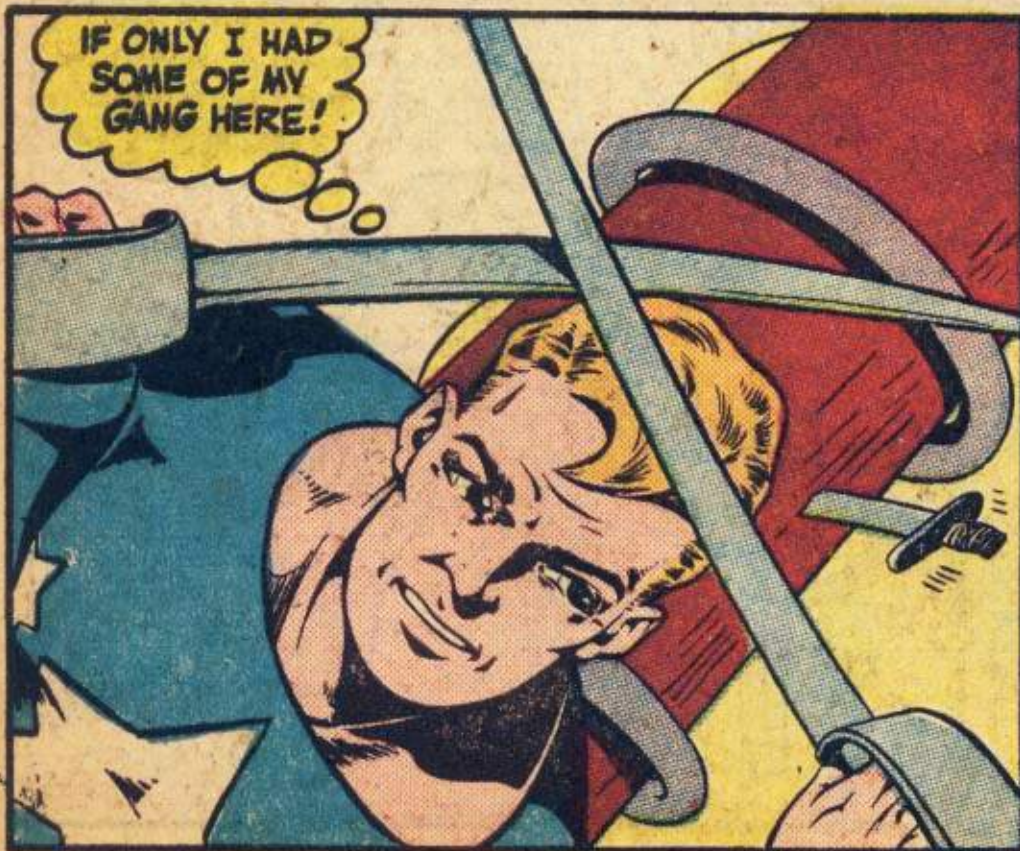






FEATURE COMICS









HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 330 J 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 J
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.
(Please print or write plainly)

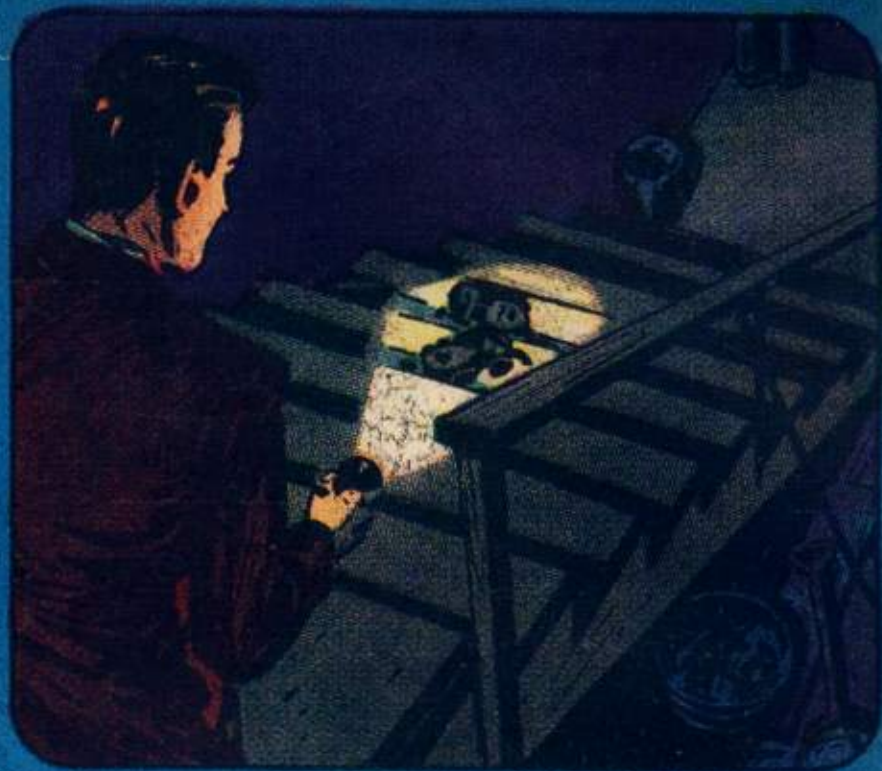
Address.

City. State.

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

How to Avoid these "BOOBY TRAPS" in your home!

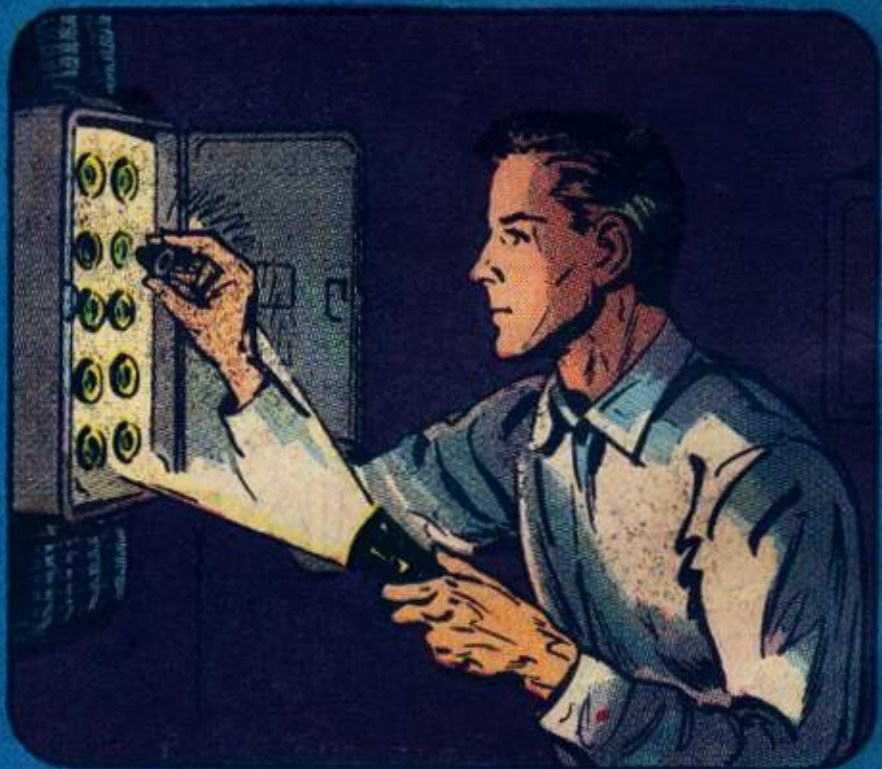
**What you can't see CAN hurt you
—says the National Safety Council**



1 About 5,000,000 Americans are injured every year at home—33,500 fatally! Largest single cause: falling. A roller skate on a dark staircase; shin-catching obstructions; slippery objects: these can be lethal "booby traps." To avoid them, carry your "Eveready" flashlight in dark areas.



2 Be sure all obstacles are cleared away. Linoleum or carpeting should be tacked down firmly. In attic or basement, pack all loose objects in noninflammable boxes stored against the walls. Don't rely on your knowledge of where obstacles are located—the next person may not know.



3 Know in advance where your fuse box, main water and gas valves, etc., are located; be sure you have a clear path to them. Armed with your "Eveready" flashlight, you can approach without fumbling in an emergency. Be sure loose wires are so placed that you won't trip over them.

4 Keep your "Eveready" flashlight always in the same convenient place—so you won't be tempted to do without it because it can't be located. Keep it filled with "Eveready" batteries—they're now available.

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30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide  and Carbon Corporation

The registered
trade-mark
"Eveready" distin-
guishes products of
National Carbon
Company, Inc.

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK



For
**EXTRA
POWER,
EXTRA LIFE
—AT NO
EXTRA COST**